

THE  
POOR-MANS  
COMFORT.

A

Tragi-Comedy,

As it was divers times Acted

at the Cock-pit in Drury lane

with great applause.

Written by

ROBERT DAINBORNE

Master of Arts.



L O N D O N

Printed for Robt. Pollard at Benn Jonsons bread  
behinde the Exchange; and John Swearing at  
the Angel in Paper-head Alley.

1655.

# The Persons of the Play.

**F**erdinand King of *Thessaly*.

*Sigismund* his sonne.

*Oswell* the Rebelle.

*Vincenzio*

*Silenus*

*Leonardo*

*Glistar*.

Senators.

*Lucius*, a Noble man of *Thessaly*,  
fled into *Arcadia*, (when the  
King was overthrowne) and dis-  
guised under the name of *Lisan-  
der*, husband of *Urania*.

*Isperio*

*Littigo*

Courtiers.

*Gisbert*, the poor man, a *Shepherd*.

*Cosmo*, a rich *Shepherd*.

*Surdo* his Son, the *Clown*.

*Lisippus*, an honest *Shepherd*.

*Alexis*, his sonne.

*Catzo* the foole, the Prince his  
man.

*Adelizia*, daughter to the King of  
*Sicily*.

*Urania*, the faire *Shepherdess*,  
daughter to *Gisbert*, after ser-  
vant to *Flavia*, disguised under  
the name of *Castadora*.

*M<sup>o</sup> Gullman*, a bawd.

*Flavia*, her daughter, a Whore.

The Scene *Thessaly*.



## The Prologue.

**I**F in this present throving age,

A poore man may become the Stage;

Or if abused Charity

And honest minded poverty

May please, or if bad men ingrate,

And strumpets soule adulterate,

So whipe and punish for their crimes,

At once may like and teach the times:

We have our hymes, so to your sights:

Printed for R. Roome, at the signe of the Angel in Popeshead Alley.  
Per E. M.

# The POOR-MANS COMFORT

ACT. I.

Enter Lucius and Urania.

**LUC.** Stay fair *Urania*, thou whose only beauty  
Would make a desert rich, and force Kings leave  
Their purple thrones, to come and gaze at thee.  
*Lisander* craves thee stay, he that does dote on thee,  
More then the female on her new faine kid.

**URA.** You should be still a flatterer by your tongue.

**LUC.** By all my hopes I swear, returne my love  
But that fair grace it merits, and on my faith  
A tryal, beyond which the covetous thought  
Of man here went, he undergoe  
And in the Achievement lose my self ere thee.

**URA.** You overvalue me, were I possesse  
Of so high passions, what you terme love;  
*Alexis* equal suit should sooner move  
Then you, whose birth is all unknown to me.

**LUC.** Ungentle maid, let not thy cruelty  
Force me despair, he that so oft has song  
And won the prize for dance and roundelayes;  
He that has vowed his chaste thoughts to thy shrine,  
Given thee the tender firstlings of his flocke;  
Who amongst the fairest Ladies of the plains,  
Chose thee his prize, when at the publick games,  
He crown'd thee with the wreath; which for his merite  
In songs and active sports he did inherit,  
From the deserving swaine; Do not forget  
My seven years service, which to attain thee yet,  
Would seem but as one Summers day.

**URA.** You are too forward.

**LUC.** True love does charge, and that fault lay on me;  
Oh did thy yeelding heart feel but the fire!

**URA.** Alas! I feel too much, in modesty forbear  
Thy violent suit, which breeds suspect; true love being ever mute,  
When lust findes means to speak.

B

*Luc.*

*The Poor-mans Comfort.*

*Luc.* Command thou cruell maid this heart to break,  
Which only worth give life to.

*Ura.* Nay then I flie thee, or else I shall not know—

*Luc.* How to denie me! Oh I speak that word once more.

*Ura.* Will you inforce my love?

*Luc.* Rather then live, stay but and hear my vow.

*Exit. Gilbert.*

*Gisb.* Whom ha we here? *Enter Luc.*  
*Luc.* *Isfender* and my daughter got so near,  
Where two such chait breasts meet, I need not feare  
Some earnest suit belike, were it her love,  
He merits it; she cannot but approve  
His worth and person fiter for a State,  
Then the imployment of so low a fate.

*Ura.* Oh do not wrong me so

*Luc.* I do appeal to you, who well do know—

The loyall service: These seven winters past  
Have stood impartial witnesse, if I have gain'd  
Least happinesse in ought, but might expresse  
My constant labour: Have I in excess  
My Masters store consum'd, or rob'd his flocks  
To serve a private riot? have I not born the shock  
Of sharpest stormes, to drive my weary herd  
To place of shelter? did the Sun withhold  
The dewie plains before me? or the dayes heat,  
Force me unto the shade? did the rob'd Fowles bleat  
For losse of tender young, whilst sleep possist  
My sloathfull eye, by ravenous wolves oppress  
Or time-observing fox? If to make known  
A gratefull mind, I have so well begun,  
Oh I think how happy by enjoying thee,  
The period of my lingering pains would be.

*Gisb.* Thou speakest most true.

These tears that speak my love do witnesse it.

*Ura.* You well have told how much we do forgive  
Your labours Sir, For my part I confesse  
You merit much, nor am I pitilesse.  
Speak to my Father, he esteema you high,  
I am only his, if he shall nor denie  
That equal suit, I know, nor what should want.

(Bethrow)



*The Poor man's comfort*

(Bestrow my tongue, how ready tis to grant)  
You might in time prevail: Sir only so

*Gib.* No word so hard in a milder mouth as No

*Luc.* Oh let me say thee yet to crown this hour

With titles of Happiness, and by it place

In memory this curse, if ever I embrace

Another love, if ever I forget

The pity shown me in distress: then let

My fate run backward, let no good attend

My present being, other then in the end

To make my misery greater, may I obtain

Contempt from thence, where most I do afflict

*Gib.* Thou art to blame to make such deep protests

He be thy gage unto my daughter, say *Urania*

We'll take my word, believe it girls be lover thee

If he prove false, lay all the blame on me

*Luc.* You oppress me Sir with this high courtesy

Is't not sufficient that you gave relief

Unto my fainting life, when torn with grief?

My sad fate forc'd me hither, which dispos'd

True virtue of his crown, and low depress

The Kingly *Ferdinand*, making sad way

To the usurping Tyrant, who now sits

High in the Sicilian blood: Is't not enough

Your pity gave me being, but to add more

Unto my feeble merit? my heart you had before

And beyond that I have not, which with the acknowledgme

Of love and duty shall be the annuall rent,

He make just payment of.

*Gib.* I credit thee so well, that what is mine,

My flocks, lodge, and *Urania*, all in thine

This day I will possesse thee of them, and retire

My weary thoughts from covetous desires

Of this uncertain good, and only spend

My houres in thanks and prayers, that ere my end,

So great a good befall me; I tell thee son,

I only be thy breadsmann, and return

On thee and thine as payment for my board, unnumber'd blessings.

*Luc.* Alas Sir! you afford

Deeds beyond words, which makes me find my self

*The Poor want comfort.*

A banquet ere set up; such interch your love creates words 3)

*Enter Cosmo, Licippus, Sord, and the Daughter.*

*Gisb.* I am sufficient blest injoying such a son, and so id happy time *Cosmo* and *Licippus*, they shall be witness unto the contract, and my performance.

*Cosm.* Yonder he is boy, and thou canst put on a good face, she's thine own boy; let me alone to work her father.

*Surd.* I had rather you would work the Daughter, I shall turn tail as soon as ever I come at her.

*Cosm.* Such a bawfull fool was I in my infancy; the boy will spoil all, canst not tell what to say to her.

*Surd.* I think I had best begin fondly with her, call her I am in good health, I thank her, and to kiss her.

*Cosm.* Whorson asse! thou must kiss her first.

*Surd.* What afore I am in good health? that will show scurvily; pray let me alone, these old men, though they be never so weak, will be doing in the marriage business.

*Licippus.* Take courage boy, my tongue shall plead thy smart, for if Love were no god, should he not crown desire, And just affection. The happiness of the day, Befall to *Gisbert* and his lovely daughter.

*Gisb.* The like to good *Licippus*, your company is rare Sir; You're welcome both.

*Licippus.* I have a suit to you concerns me near.

*Gisb.* Your are happy then, for you are like to speed.

*Licippus.* Your daughter saying so, I were indeed. Behold the miserablest youth that ever Love Made captive yet, whose sight alone would move The hungry *Lyoness* to leave her pray, And turn compassionate. If they are bore sway Within a female breast, now let it speak And cure the wound, made by those beauteous eyes Which pierc'd his tender heart: in you it lies To make me fatherlesse or happy.

*Gisb.* I would it did, thy griefs were at an end then.

*Cosm.* This strikes me dead. Know *Gisbert* that the same desire moves him, Has brought me hither, your land adjoyns to mine; For which much suit has past, make but my sonne Your daughters husband, both our states are one.

And

And my death gives him all.

*Enter Sir.* He's half rotten already Sir, besides the cholicough, the Murres disease the gout, and the heart-burning, the Physicians have given him over long since, because his feeling's gone.

*Lich.* I have no hands to give, my riches are all

Which were they more, as his, things of this kind.

*Cosm.* My wealth will last, when his yale is dead.

'Tis only riches gives the true content.

*Gish.* Contend no further: to cut off tedious longer.

Know you this day I have affr'd my daughter

Unto *Lilander*.

*Cosm.* *Lich.* Your servants.

*Alex.* Unequall Heaven!

*Sard.* Throughall Hell; I say, this answer has brought me low

enough like here.

*Urs.* Content thy self *Alex.* this is the wise mans cure.

That any thing which Fate wills be so.

*Alex.* Nay I must bairn, and through Fate or will.

To enjoy thy person; yet I love thee still.

*Sard.* Her husband will not thank you, for that, all that I can

promise is this, though I cannot dance where I would, he shall my

heelies at your wedding.

*Gish.* You shall be liberally welcome, now, tomorrow, is the day,

in the mean time he passe through lands.

*Cosm.* Which should be mine, had I my will, farewell, come boy.

*Gish.* Nay we'll intreat you stay a while, come let's in.

From this day to the end of my happinesse he begin.

*Alex.* And I my sorrows.

*Enter Ofs.* *Alaric* his kind, deprecate of *Alaric*.

*[Within]* *A Ferdinand* *A Ferdinand*.

*Ofs.* A clap of thunder should they the multitude, these virginall jacks, that ship and makes a noise as each

hand moves there.

*Enter Lord, Sard, Ed.*

1. *Lord.* Oh fie and save your life my Lord, the day is lost.

2. *L.* Our trecherous troops making with *Lilander* into hand

against your force, to whom the Lords joining through lives, once

more proclaime him King, and give oath to their fidelity.

Be rul'd and fie, the Forsters will stop their pursu.

*Ofs.* Some dismall planet strike you ever mine.

You will not second me?

*The Tenth Muse*

*Ambo.* Twere bootlesse.

*Of.* I won't curse you: but may you die like peasants, slaves, and cowards: and since there is no remedy, but I must survive, Fortune in spite of thee; Slack not, though I were a King, thy breaths alike. *Exit*

*Enter Ferdinand, Vincentio, with a Chorus, Lords, and a Flourish.*

*Ferd.* Take hence this Crown, it was not Sovereignty, But to release you from the Tyranny Of my usurping nephew, made me leave My long retired life, and throw my fate Into the doubtfull scale of war, which to make good; Know that by solemn oath I have tyed my self, Never to gird these Temples with a Crown.

*Of.* Forbid it heaven!

*Ferd.* Let this expresse your loves, you will not move me Beyond my vow; yet that we may not leave you joyless, We have a son, what want you in his youth, Your best experient wisdoms will supply. Make him your King: besides his right on us, I have procur'd the heir of Sicily, our adjoining friend, To be his wife. But why with such sad browes And silent gestures do you take our wishes?

*Vinc.* Alas my Lord! your Son—

*Ferd.* What makes this sad propheticall My heart misgives me, if my son be dead, Our hopes and joys with him are buried. Speak, doth he live?

*Vinc.* He lives, Bug—

*Ferd.* But what?

*Vinc.* Alas! he's not himself.

Whether his grief, depriv'd of all his friends, Driven to obscurity, and forc'd to live Beneath condition of a subject, borne a Prince, Or some just fate, for our ingrave offence, To rob us of so rich a hope as he did promise, In his fair lineaments, is all unknown, While he that should be ours, is not his own. Ours come with strange distraction.

*Ferd.* Distraction is the fault of woe, Poor boy he could not thy father undergoe, The waight of misery without thy help. Oh let me see him yet, and if his heart

Give

*The Fourth Comfort*

Give the least life unto his faculties  
Of sense and knowledge, with Arguments and prayers  
I will recall his soul, that overprest  
With melancholy blood, is thus a her active life,  
Like fire suppress for want of heat and flame  
Turns to a choking vapour, it may be, our presence  
May give him some more vent, and make more light  
That gross and earthly load.

*Vinc.* I wish it might.

Fortune did never envy nature more  
Then in so rich a Cabinet to lock so poor  
And undervalued spirit. See where he comes  
Your violent passion much may wrong him Sir.

*Enter Sigismund and Catz.*

*Ferd.* Unhappy Ferdinand beyond this cross,  
Thou well mightst dare thy fate.

*Sigis.* Not a step lower, I am in hell already.

*Catz.* If you move him any further he'll turn Devil, claw you  
horribly, he'll give you his recognizance, the paw, nails and all.

*Sigis.* More weight on this side, I shall overturn else.  
Dost thou not see how heavy he hangs here?

*Catz.* Thou art a crooked piece, here's more weight.

*Sigis.* One hundred pound more and I go right.

*Catz.* Half the money would make many a Lord in *Thessaly* go  
wrong, are you well now?

*Sigis.* I am reasonable well.

*Catz.* And you are reasonable well, that were well indeed.  
Have a mad hand with you I am sure.

*Ferd.* I want a language to express my grief.

*Poor Sigismund* I could dissolve in tears

To make a passage to thy pent up soul.

If thou hast any sense look mildly on me.

Why dost thou all in fear and terror gaze

Upon thy father thus?

*Sigis.* Help, help, help.

*Sigis.* Has he not eat my bowels out already?

*Catz.* Who do you mean Sir?

*Sigis.* Yonder Hyena.

*Sigis.* Dost thou not see his teeth?

See how cunningly he would seize me in his paw.

See.

*The Rascall's Comfort*

See how he follows me, shoot, shoot I say.

Catz. My powder's damp, it will not off.

Ferd. Some God or good man help.

Sigs. He comes, he comes, he comes, file, file, file.

Ferd. Can none prescribe me comfort?

Vinc. May be some musick would allay his passions.

Catz. Please him with musick, you may as well catch a hare with a Taber, the very tuning of the fiddle would make him starke mad,

Ferd. Art thou acquainted with his humours then?

Catz. Who I Sir? I have almost lost mine owne wits in his service. Humours call you them? He tell you Sir, sometimes he will be dumb two houres together, and then must I be speechlesse as long; then do we two licmaking of faces one at another, like a brace of Baboones, or a picture-drawer at his counterfeyt; anone he will start up, and make way with his hands, for fear you should run a tilt against his nose, which as he is perswaded, hangs two fathome in his light at least: If any body looks on him he takes it in thrust, and rattles at him like a Copper-smith; then must I turn Physician, and make him believe I pare away two stones at least in collopy.

Ferd. Didst ever hear him speak of his parentage?  
Talk of his Father?

Catz. Oh Sir: Is a Tragedy if he name his Father once, 'tis no boot for me to say by it.

Ferd. I prethe why?

Catz. He sayes they took his crown from him, and banish him, and then he falls upon me in his fathers right, and so malle me that I am not able to lift up mine hand to mine own crown. I have lost much bloud in your quarrell Sir.

Ferd. Poor boy! it was our losse depriv'd thy kinne  
Of her best residence; and me eternally

Of joy and comfort. Here friend we will reward thee better,  
If thou wilt follow him.

Catz. Should he run out of his wits never so far, here be they  
would drive me after him, tis for these the whole world runs mad  
nowadays.

Ferd. I prethe leave him not, till we by art,  
And good mens prayers find out some means to cure him.

Yet that we may not seem all buried



In our own particular grief, and to the  
Common good ingratitude, know we continue  
Your ancient privilege of Senators  
Who may determine the affairs of State.  
Next be it proclaimed that whosoever stand  
Banish in our cause, shall be rector'd to honour.  
And indeed with our best love.

Enter Urania as a Bride, Glabert, Lucius, Celsus, Cleopatra, Althea, Sarda.  
Oth. What death shall we inflict upon these Traytors time in  
the field upon the Tyrants part?

Ferd. Release them freely.

This is the difference twixt bad Kings and good.

The one through peace doth prosper, the other with blood.

Proclaime our generall pardon, Kings on do grant

That happinesse to others, which themselves do want.

Let each brow put on joy, we'll only mourn.

Our good is yours, our grief shall be our own.

Enter Urania as a Bride, Glabert, Lucius, Celsus, Cleopatra, Althea, Sarda.

Gib. Be this the fabled day you ere may know.

If ever Hymen tyed a happy knot,

Or that a parents blessing ere procur'd

A good from Heaven, this day a fathers prayers

Be powerfull in your joyes.

Luc. Our love and duty shall deserve your wishes.

Gib. We cannot doubt it, each man unto his seat.

The neighbouring Shepherds to expresse their love

Born to my daughter, and to grace the day

With harmlesse sports, are making to our lodge.

These notes proclaime them ———— Musicke and a Dance, which ended

What newes Venetian?

Menal. A poast from Court scowring along the plaines,

Inquir'd thy lodge, and hearing that my service

Belong'd to you, charg'd me on my allegiance

Deliver this Proclamation, that with instant speed

It might be published.

Gib. My blond turns cold, I pray heaven all be well!

Luc. Did he exchange no other words with thee?

Menal. His haste denyed much talk, only in brief

He told me, that King Ferdinand by the aide

Of the Italian Prince was reinforced

The Tyrant fled, and those that cr' d bewayl'd

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Their exile fortunes are again restored.

*Gisb.* This Proclamation speaks it, which doth by name mixe  
note to Lord Vincentio, late Senator of State, *Francisco* brother to *Juan*

*Luc.* Not my name mentioned? *Gisb.* Lord *Latine*

*Luc.* The same; I thought he had forgotten me.

*Gisb.* With all other Lords, Knights or Gentlemen, that have willingly for our love, or forcibly been constrained, to suffer banishment, be forthwith restored with double interest, for all their losses as well in goods as rents, to be received upon Exchequer upon demand thereof made. Most worthy Prince!

*Luc.* His gratitude best speaks him.

*Gisb.* And this Proclamation doth confirme it, which craves my  
haste neighbours you must along with me, all leas are past.  
This doubles our present joyes, but time doth call  
A Tyrants death makes a true festivall.

*Luc.* This news transport me, *Francisco* restore  
Which calme home, and addes unto my name

The honour of my Ancestors, Heaven and good

A good equall to this; but I forget my self.

This is my wedding day: my wife the daughter

To a poor Shepheard—Disgrace unto mine Honours

And perpetuall shame to my posterity

*Ura.* This news hath much displeased him, tell me love,

What means this suddain pale that doth possesse thine eyes with

fear? this happy day invites all mirth and triumph, you have now

now a thought that can give colour unto discontent.

*Luc.* Forbear, you are troublesome, your words trouble me.

*Ura.* How trouble you? you speak not like a lover.

*Luc.* I would I did not, prethee *Urania* leave me.

*Ura.* Some old renewed grief possesseth him—

What ere it be, let me bear equal part.

It is my due and duty, I have a heart

Beyond my sex to indure calamity.

*Luc.* You will offend. *Ura.* Rather my soul than thee.

*Luc.* Away then, get you in.

*Ura.* To death should thou command.

Grief pressed heart, this day thy tears back keep.

Thou'lt finde hereafter time enough to weep.

*Luc.* She's virtuous and fair, why should I leave her then?

Her birth is low, that's Fortune's fault, not hers.

Besides

Besides, she is my wife, I have married her; and shall I leave her now?   
 And shall I leave her now?   
 Call'd Conscience would pursue me. Dull and stupid thought!   
 You fit *Lisander* a poor shepherd's study,   
 Not *Lucius* son of a Senator.   
 I cannot stoop so low, no! He abjure her sight,   
 Sell both his lodge, and flock, to furnish me   
 As is my breeding. Suppose old *Gilbert* curse,   
 His daughter rattle, talk of ingratitudes,   
 They beat the air; great men are above their crimes,   
 What has a chiding soul most charge withal?   
 But for a champion, detest me,   
 His hate to *Gilbert* will embrace the bargain.

Enter *Cosmo*, *Sardo*.

*Sard*. Father I must leave you and return to the Bride-house again.   
 *Cosm*. Is there more to be done yet?

*Sard*. It would be ill for the Bride, if I did not send a hand to untruss her husband, as he is a great lubber, he must to horse go down there, and see where he walks to keep himself in breath for the attempt.

*Luc*. *Cosmo* the man my thought directs me to; I word with you.

*Sard*. Now will he ask him some handy question, or an other,   
 As how to get such a chopping boy as I humble the example,   
 or being now to sit up, while *Cosmo* is best to maintain a standing table, for his wife comes of a free flock, and will keep open house.

*Cosm*. You make but trall of me *Sard*.   
 *Luc*. By all my hopes they are thine; give me the Crowns and here is the Deed.

*Cosm*. Beyond my expectation, 300 Crowns; there they be *Sir*.

*Luc*. The Flock and Lodge are thine, take instantly possession.

*Cosm*. Do you not crave this night's forbearance?

*Luc*. Not an hour *Sir*, necessity will make them ply their work, not follow me.

*Cosm*. I am ravish'd with the thought only my Imagination told me.   
 *Gilbert's* Land are mine, there's ought so sweet,   
 As when revenge and charity profane meet.

*Sard*. The old knave, consents in with himself, the Flock and Lodge gone already. I think he means to keep open house in earnest.

*Luc*. This peasants service may much pleasure me.

Canst thou be secret *Surd?*

*Surd.* As a court Midwife, no Bond like me.

*Luc.* Then know, I am a Lord.

*Surd.* And that may be indeed, for he's sold all.

*Luc.* Take but thy fortunes with me, and he's safe.

Say, wot along with me, and I'll be a Lord.

*Surd.* Will you swear by your honour on a Lord?

*Luc.* My Father was no less a Senator.

And by the Edict of the restored King.

That honour's mine, thou shalt be next about me.

*Surd.* Your Tailor will serve me of that, I had rather come

next behind you, for great men cast their sins behind them, and

some bribes must needs fall to my share. Art there any wen-

ches where you goe?

*Luc.* Selected beauties, such as Art and Nature contend to

make perfect.

*Surd.* And the Natchers they commonly go together indeed, well I

will leave my fortunes at home, and run after my destiny a-

broad. If you prove a Lord, like a fool I may the better follow

you. If you gull me like a knave, you shall follow your self,

I have been brought up long enough at home, to find the way

back again, that's the best way.

*Luc.* Never doubting me, I'll be a Lord.

Who parts from a loathed bed is freed from hell.

*Enter Cosmo, Gilbert, Diana, Lippin, Alvin.*

*Gilb.* Turn'd from my home, depriv'd of all my goods,

My flocks, my hopes! their are not honest Cosmo.

*Lipp.* Give them but respite to provide themselves.

*Cosm.* Not a minute.

*Gilb.* Let me but speak with him I am content, he shall tell all.

*Cosm.* You may go seek him, you have little else to spend your

time about, we were too many to march with your fair daughter.

Your wealthy help you have advanc'd her now.

*Alex.* You are too bitter Cosmo, too pitiless.

Thy baseness fits to trample on distress.

*Cosm.* You may relieve them Sir, they are your wife's.

Were very pitifull to you, with arguings.

And that goes to show me their loves.

So I go now, and glad.

*Gilb.* Hard hearted creature from him.

*Cosm.*

*Cosm.*

*Cosm.*

*Cosm.*

*Cosm.*

*The Poor-mans Comfort*

*Cism.* Begger slave, push hence from my door,  
He set my dogs upon thee else, my bounds, I keep them for  
No other use, if long you stay  
He give you musick to your nuptiall day  
*Licp.* Unmanly wretch!

*Ura.* My heart fithink would break,  
Did not mine eyes in stead of words thus speak

*Gib.* Ingrate *Lisander*! Happy wert thou, that curst  
The wounded Lyon, thou *Roman* Capative;  
He did acknowledge thee in thy distress,  
And sav'd thy life, yet was he reasonlesse,  
Had not the faculties of soul to apply  
The good of pity to him—My poor *Venus*,  
Unhappy childe! tis her grief wounds me more,  
Then any sorrow my *spantage* can know

*Ura.* Alas! I am young *Sir*, able to undergo  
The worst of misery, tis not my losse,  
But your tears make me weep, pray try me *Sir*;  
Do not you mourn, and see with what heart he bears  
Your woes and mine, he not so much as weep  
Unless by chance I hear *Lisander* nam'd,  
And then for your sake not mine own he blame,  
His much unkindness. He say you w'd him better,  
That shall be all my plaints, *Sir* credit me

*Gib.* Poor girl! How well thou mockest calamity?  
*Alex.* Never did grief look with a lovelier face,  
I could e'en court it now, and hold the machine,  
Man is not happy but in misery.  
Thou all of virtue, though my fate deny  
The blest injoying thee, make me thus proud  
To give thy wretched self, our homely *Compage*,  
My Flocks and Lambs are thine

*Licp.* Both his and mine,  
Shall pay the duty, by my best hopes, *Lisander*,  
Or may my younglings pine, my *Band* not blame

*Gib.* We give you credit, all *Alex.* Accept them false  
*Ura.* I am more wounded with this curst  
Then all *Lisander* will

*Gib.* Thou shall accept their doom, *Venus* as for me,  
I have an other game, so play a *Tragedie*

*The Father's Complaint*

Where Justice shall rip up the heart of Cates, will never live,  
 And lay his treachery open to the Court, no quarrel with me;  
 If untill my return you will suppose me dead, I'll be no more;  
 My haplesse daughters fate, I'll leave you to your own device;  
*Ambr.* Make him more questionable. *I* shall be wretchedly  
*Gib.* Nay do not weep, break any hand, he's not far long from thee.  
*Urs.* You must not seek me here: No *Lisander*, I'm not mine;  
 Where ere thou art, I will or find thee out, or I'll be gone;  
 Or lose my self, thy sight at least he have not, good husband now;  
 Since not thy wife, may I but live thy slave, I'll be his wife;  
*Lich.* Wee'l bring you on your way Sir, I'll be his wife;  
*Gib.* Your loves oppress me: Come my daughter, yet not here;  
 We may ere death in joy each other meet, I'll be his wife;  
*Urs.* Too vain a hope, I'll be his wife;  
 Unhappy Father! He do thee thus much right, I'll be his wife;  
 Thou shalt not double sorrow by my fight, I'll be his wife;  
*Exit*

*Act II*

*Thunder, and all Enter Idollia*  
*Adelz.* Where am I wretched *Idollia*? I'll be his wife;  
 What soile contains thee? You airy powers, I'll be his wife;  
 What further ill remains behind me? I'll be his wife;  
 That 'mongst so many dear and worthy lives, I'll be his wife;  
 As has paid tribute to this fatall night, I'll be his wife;  
 Mine only fluids exempt, had it not been better, I'll be his wife;  
 The Seas vast womb had given me buriall, I'll be his wife;  
 Then the unhallowed bulke of savage Beasts, I'll be his wife;  
 And now long-wisht for day, what dost thou bring, I'll be his wife;  
 But eyes to view my sorrow? Should I hap, I'll be his wife;  
 To meet some passengers, were to exchange, I'll be his wife;  
 My honour with my fate, and so renew my sorrow, I'll be his wife;  
 Woe-curing sleep, who is only pitifull, I'll be his wife;  
 Would that these casements up, which do admit, I'll be his wife;  
 But sight of grief, then gentle sleep, I'll be his wife;  
 I will obey thy arrest, thy leader mee, I'll be his wife;  
 Doth lie upon me, down poor Idollia maid, I'll be his wife;  
 Thy birth did promise better: But I'll be his wife;  
 Want best discovers Idoll Majestic. *Enter Idollia, Cates, &c.*  
*Sigs.* He's ill, ill, ill, I'll be his wife;  
*Cate.* The game's not up yet Sir. I think some gelder had a hand



*The Pedlar's Tale*

in the getting of him, he understand no language but the horn.

*Sigif.* He must no more then.

*Cat.* You'l hunt's more then, and that will tame you, when all is done. If a poor man had had this disease it had been whip out him; but great men may be fools as madmen, and they must be humour'd forsooth. Will you go home again? Now he's as speechlesse, as an unferd Atturney, not a word for the world. But how now? what creature's this? It should be a woman, for the first as her mother taught her, she has the common fault of her sex, she sleeps so soundly that a man may do what he will with her. So ho! how the fool gapes, he'l ride her anon. What not more yet? What an excellent thing: a woman were as good for a no tongue? Hillo, illo. They say women must be roughly handled; she turns up the white of the eye, she should be either a Puritan or a Puritan by that.

*Adlez.* Alas! I am betray'd: as you are men, I do conjure you.

*Cat.* Las poor soul! I thought she wanted man's help.

*Adlez.* As you are virtuous, be compassionate. Of a distressed maid, Fair Sir to you, My suit's to you, your eye speaks pity.

*Sigif.* A free-borne within me.

*Cat.* What a treacherous wolf's this? I cannot blame him, it's a pretty wench; if I could talke wisely, I might purchase exchange a precious stone with her.

*Adlez.* Not one poor word of comfort? tell me gentle friend, where am I!

*Cat.* You'r in a wood yet, but for one of your pretious jewels and some light curtisie besides. He help you out.

*Adlez.* If wealth will buy my freedom, you cannot ask Beyond my payment; below yon hanging rock The bodles life of many Ship-wratch Condemn'd, Yeeld them but buriall, they'l pay the lib'ral hire.

*Cat.* And if they be drown'd, I may take my payment other wise. I would be loath to take a gallants word now. Are you sure they are dead?

*Adlez.* I am too sad a witness to't.

*Cat.* Below yonder, I shall break my neck with haste to be their Executor. T'was told me, hanging or drowning would be my fortune; he put my self in fashion and he with you presently.

*The Red-mans comfort.*

*Sigs.* She is some Goddess sure I should, midst printing, of

*Adel.* What moves this stay? his looks congeal my blood,  
Why dost thou kneel? why wring thy hands and weep?

Thou dost not know my griefs thine they should move compassion

*Sigs.* Rare, more yet! speak more.

*Adel.* Here's sure distraction, Oh! if thou be't a man,  
Art capable of passion, grief, and fear,  
Leave thy amazed looks, and tell the cause  
Moves this strange action.

*Sigs.* Art thou a woman?

*Adel.* Yes, a miserable woman.

*Sigs.* Let me embrace thee then,  
Thou happy anchor of my better being.

*Adel.* Dost thou have ven?

*Sigs.* Why dost thou flee me, to whom thy charmed breath  
Hath given a second soul, thy language hath express'd

All clouds whose foggy mists did captivate

My freer sense, I am thy creature, false;

Depriv'd of thee, I lose that vital air

In which I only breathe, I must, I will enjoy thee.

I know thou mad'st me not, now to destroy me.

*Adel.* Keep thy unchast hands off, thou barbarous creature:

Were they thy unchast thoughts, that mov'd thy lust

To speechless ecstasy? You powers above more just,

Preserve my Virgin flame, from the pollution

Of this insensual creature. Keep off I say.

*Sigs.* I would, should all the Devils in hell say nay.

Let me but draw in thy delicious breath:

But touch those lips of thine.

*Adel.* ———— Rather to death

Would I give up my life, if there be a power

That guards distressed chastity. Oh! hear me.

*Sigs.* Didst thou but know my thoughts, thou wouldest not fear me.

Upon my knees I do conjure thee stay.

*Adel.* To my escape thou better power make way,

See he pursues me, some god or good man aid me.

*Sigs.* If not my words, let sighs and tears persuade thee.

*Enter Alcin.*

*Alc.* Thy search is vain, it is, unkind Urtia,

Thy patience was too great good for me,

*The Pew-mans Comfort.* 107

Long to enjoy, nor will I ere return;  
But like a banisht man ever inhabit  
These solitary woods, depriv'd of thee,  
Hee sic all others, as thy love doth me.

*Adel.* Help, help, help. *Within.*

*Alex.* What eccho beats mine ears? is there no place  
But sorrow finds a passage to it? *Adel.* Help, help.

*Alex.* It is a womans voice, speak once again;  
And gain thy freedome, whosoere thou art. *(Enter Adellia.)*

*Adell.* Here, here, save a poor maids honour. *(Sigsmond.)*

*Sigsf.* Thou wrongst my just thought much,  
I seek for love.

*Alex.* Rather thy beaustfull lust, for which  
Receive this punishment, soul monster lie thou there.

*Adell.* Oh save his life! I do conjure you Sir.

*Alex.* Thou art too pitifull, rise beauteous maids,  
Remove all thoughts of fear, let me perswade;  
I have been virtuous, thou unfortunate.

*Adell.* This thy humanity orewhelmes my joy,  
And quite confounds the power of my minde.

*Alex.* The blisse of thine own thoughts is my reward:  
I am happy yet to guard so faire a dame.

*Catz.* Soho! illo, illo, illo. *Within.*

*Alex.* But hark! the following noise of some persuers;  
It may be they are known by thee.

*Adell.* Tis not in use for grief to have companions,  
My woe knowes no partakers.

*Alex.* He be thy partner then:  
Wilt thou give credit to my loyall brest?

*Adell.* As unto heaven; true virtue knowes no lust.

*Alex.* Follow me then, though mean may be thy fare,  
Content and safety, may give thee ample share. *(Exit.)*

*Sigsf.* It was a thunderbold, you have the ods of me, you are above  
me, sure I had mauld you else: but where is Europa? see where she  
swims away upon a bulls back; my kingdom for a boat, for a muske  
boat; lay more sailes on; the envious winde blow, whistle thro a  
mountain, He after her; cowze, I come I come.

*Enter Madam Gulman, Urania disguised.*

*Gulm.* Your breeding I perceive hath been in the Country then?

*Ura.* It has been plain and honest.

*The Poor-man's Comfort.*

*Gulm.* It makes no matter, now thou art a Gentlewoman, my daughter's a Gentlewoman, and though I say it, as good a servants Mistress as any in all *Thiselds*; you shall do no worse then she doth her self, nay she shall spare it out of her own belly, rather then thou shall want it. Can you handle your needle?

*Ura.* True stitch, or so.

*Gulm.* You will be past that shortly, your Mistress will see you a new example, and though I say it, she has laid her hand to as many good pieces, as most Ladies in the Kingdome; at this instant she is about a piece of work for the Lord that is with her, she'll make him a pair of hangers as she has done.

*Ura.* Beshrew her fingers: what might you call his name?

*Gulm.* His name is *Lucius*; this day he is to be made a Senator; has been seven years in the warres amongst the *Turks*; and killed *Jews* knows how many, and now he swears bloodily he loves none but my daughter.

*Ura.* A bloody oath indeed, my heart doth make it good, His cruelty will cost mine and an old mans blood.

*Gulm.* Why do you sigh so? are you in love?

*Ura.* I have small cause forfooth.

*Gulm.* It's an unprofitable disease indeed, it gives that to one would serve many, and those that are men of fashion too. You shall have gallant upon gallant here, none of your thirteen pence halfpenny jacks; if you have grace you may rise, for the worst here comes a horseback.

*Ura.* Has my Mistress more Sutors then this *Lucius* here?

*Gulm.* We had weak doings else. Good shopkeepers have wares of all sorts, some for shew, and some for fashion; and yet to speak truth, he doth well for both, his countenance keeps the painted staffe in awe, and saves us many a fair bribe; besides my daughter makes him come off at her pleasure, and yet it is not one winde can keep her. Will a going: one of these dayes she'll turne him off to this; if thou please her well, thou mayest have him in reversion.

*Ura.* I should have, had I my right, but tis too great a happiness for me so much unworthy. *Lisander* a poor shepheard was my husband, and would he had been so still; forgive me *Lucius*, tis my love that wrongs thee, and here he comes; And had I but mine own; Those happy Armes might 'bout my waist be throwne.

*Enter*

*Enter*

*The Provoked husband* 107

*Enter Lucio and Flaviola* *Luc.* I know no reason for't, and yet my heart

Seems to prophesie some sadness, I would  
This day were o're.

*Flav.* I could be more merry now; and yet I have had a heavy  
night on't too.

*Ura.* Would I had eas'd you of your burthen: on ev'ail

*Flav.* How melancholy you are Sir, I believe you have a other  
Love, tis he's the very thought of it.

*Luc.* I prethee do not wrong my faith so much; by my hopes, till  
I beheld thy face, I knew not what love was, by this I did not;

*Ura.* Thou art perjured then, and yet thy vow's nothing,  
Tis a false book thou tak'st thine oath on.

*Gulw.* Tis early morning Sir, make one turne more in the back  
side, stirring will get you a stomach. Do you begin to weep al-  
ready? we shall have a day on't then; no sooner is your back  
turned, but here is sigh upon sigh, her heart goes in her  
pulses, and beats pit a pat, pit a pat, till the tears trickle  
down again; never was young Gentlewoman so overborne  
with affliction, heaven give her good on't; if you should leave  
her in the fuds now.

*Luc.* Time shall be false to truth first: come I shall be angry with  
you, come prethee smile upon me Love.

*Ura.* I could shed tears, might they be so pain off.

*Enter Surd.*

*Surd.* Soho! Mria Galsam I have been knocking below till my  
heartake; Where is my Lord?

*Luc.* Your business Sir,

*Surd.* My business, say that's done Sir, the Senat has raid for  
you any time this half hour.

*Flav.* Thou wrong'st me friend to rob me of my Love

*Sweet Lucio* thou shalt not part from me.

*Luc.* My honour doth enforce me to it, by this diamond I will  
not stay a minute longer than necessity constrains me.

*Gulw.* This Gentleman protests most nakedly, upon such an  
oath Ile believe any man.

*Surd.* By this French crown, Ile be with that new gentlewoman,  
Will you believe me now?

*Gulw.* Ile talk with you upon the promise.

*Surd.* This is the accursed band in Christendome, my Master  
like a Gull lies ciring upon a Ringtail, whilst I am at varietie

D a of

*The Poor-mans comfort.*

of fresh tame fowle: Tis the bravest life; since I turn'd Courtier  
I do nothing but drink, whore and sleep. Will you be going Sir?

*Flav.* You shall hear her sing first, in troth you shall.

*Luc.* Have you a good voice *Cassidora*?

*Ura.* A sad voice Sir.

*Flav.* Ile ha' you sing a merry song, I am a maid and I cannot mend

*Ura.* I have no variety, I can sing but one song.

*Luc.* Let's have that, What's the subject?

*Ura.* Tis of a haplesse shepheardeesse forsaken by her false Lover.

*Luc.* Tis too sad, I do not like it.

*Ura.* I would you did not, I might sing merrily then.

*Surd.* This wench has been with a Conjuror, I hold my life.

She knowes all my Lords knavery.

*Luc.* This day is ominous I fear, farewell, till night we part;

No hell but In an absent Lovers heart.

*Ura.* That proves thy cruelty,

That sufferest mine so long in hell to be.

*Gulm.* Cannot you perswade him

*Surd.* He's troubled with the great mans ill, cannot indure to

hear of his fautes, you'l remember me, I have left a familiar token

with you—— The French thing you-wot on.

*Gulm.* Be confident, is he gone?

*Flav.* Hang him Gull! I am as weary of him as of a seaver: but see

here come *Jaspers* my dearest Lover.

*Ura.* Monster of women!

*Enter Jaspers.*

*Jas.* I cannot stay with you beauty, I only come to give you the

maidenhead of my new clothes, you are for the show.

*Flav.* The new upstart Lord would ha' provided me a standing,

but I took an order with him before he went.

*Gulm.* We can ha' standings there without his providing, I ha'

been put in ere now in the lobby, when my betters have stood bare

before me, and have had many a sweet bit out of the pastrie, and

out of the pantry too; they are as kind men——

*Jasp.* I believe Madam, you are welcome.

Fair, what Gentlewoman's this?

*Gulm.* A poor Virgin wants help, heaven send it her.

*Jasp.* When shal's come to the breaking up of this Giblet pie?

When will thy love be out of the way?

*Flav.* Hang him Hornpipe, a small mist puts out his eyes.

When you will.

*Gulm.*



*The Fear-mans comfort.*

*Gala.* Though he should see, what cannot we perswade?  
Man was a sleep, when womans brain was made. *Ex.*

*Vra.* Immodest strainer of womanhood! Did ever  
Poor Creature fall upon so hard fortune?  
What misery can belong to her, hath seen  
Her aged Father turn'd to beggary,  
Laden with contempt, his silver haire pres'd down  
With the same weight? Life I am weary of thee,  
He flatter thee no longer, my *Lucius* hand  
Shall force thee from me; if he deny this good  
By violent hand, to shed my hated blood,  
A word of his shall do't; He only hear him speak  
Once more, deny'd, I know my heart will break. *Ex.*

*Enter Gilbert.*

*Gib.* This is the Court sure, whose eminence proclaimes  
Fair Justice seat is here, who sits on high,  
That no man suspect partiality.  
Here in rich purple clad, her followers goe  
Each man for his desert, and not for show.  
The oppressed poor mans advocate, whose unfeild tongues  
Turn willing Orators, retort the wrongs  
Upon the oppressors head. *Cosmo* shall finde  
The bribing forcerers picture Justice blinde.  
She has eyes to see his crueltie, he shall perceive  
Poor men have friends though they be far off.  
We leave a president behind for't, and see where some of them appeare:  
I must not yet give Interruption to them, their brains are  
Troubled about businesse of state, the Kingdomes good,  
Whilst other sleep secure, these spend their blood,  
Out watch the tedious night, only to gain  
Tikes of honour, hardly worth the pain.

*Jasp.* I shall never sleep till I find out for which of his good parts  
this *Lucius* was made a Senator.

*Lucio.* Thou art in the high way to madnesse then, which of his  
good parts I doft make a Gentleman Usher of him?

*Jasp.* I have examined my self, and my glasse tells me, I have  
as simple a chin, speak as few languages, can wear perfum'd boots,  
and begger my Taylor, keep a whore, be lousie, be as impudent,  
jeer at that I understand not, make anticke faces, and lie as damna-  
bly, all as forward.

*The Poor-mans comfort.*

*Licur.* Backward in the way of preferment. He telleth, it may be he broake his shyn, and having a good Surgeon kept not his chamber above three dayes, and so his valour rais'd him, or took a box on the ear, swore he would put it up, and so his patience rais'd him: some unknown virtue or other did it.

*Jasp.* Nay that's certain, but we neglect the shew.

*Gisb.* Their serious talke is ended. Most honoured Sir, I have a suit to you.

*Jasp.* Let me have the preferring, I am your first man.

*Licur.* By this hand he share with thee, speak it old man.

*Gisb.* Did not I tell you, here are true States-men, How they contend in virtue? even ambitious. To do poor men good? This paper speaks my right.

*Licur.* Canst read *Jaspers*? a monopoly, transportation or concealment.

*Gisb.* Tis a particular grief Sir.

*Jasp.* Of some particular Corporation.

*Gisb.* That lies as heave on the bearers shoulders.

*Licur.* Some suit from porters hall, belike not worth begging.

*Jasp.* Beggery it self, the petition of *Gisbert* and his daughter dispossess of a cottage, two roods of land, and a sheep-walks by the leud practise of— Dost take us for Justices Clerks?

*Gisb.* The friends of Justice Sir.

*Jasp.* So are they, their Mistress could not share with them else, take your humble complaining and pack hence, the Porter will give you a marke to be known by, and know men of our rank a little better else.

*Gisb.* My cause is just, and I poor, pray will you read my Petition.

*Jasp.* We had rather thy cause were wrong, and thou rich. Do we look as though we lived by relieving the poor? You horson Gull, you shepheard!

*Licur.* How the slave souls of star and hogs graze!

*Gisb.* These are not virtuous Sir, I am mistaken.

Justice has not her being here, and yet I had directions thither, He make a further tryall.

*Enter Enter Gullen.*

*Car.* Pray you the sight be not past yet, this suit will beare me out, I am in fashion from the bever downward; I would be loath to have the repulse.

*Gisb.* Most Worthy Sir.

*Car.* I know none of that name. If the Gent. Usher might but see my roses, it would prick him forward to my admittance.

*Gisb.*

*The Poor man's comfort.*

*Gish.* How's this? a word with you, do you know where I might finde Justice?

*Catz.* Justice! what's that? a man or a woman?

*Gish.* The poor mans friend Sir, he that never yet did take or give tribute.

*Catz.* What dost thou look for hee to, over the Porters lodge? Honest friend be rul'd by me, return the way thou camest. Here's no place for such fellows.

*Gish.* Oh hear my reply Sir!

*Catz.* Should I be but seen to confer with a fellow of his rank, it were enough to call my wit in question, and that were simple, very simple in sooth.

*Gish.* Monstrous tall man is lost in't, what an ass have I been? Who all this while have thought that which should make Up perfect man had been within him: how ignorant Were our fathers, that spent so many tedious hours In Art, that by so many pretious acts did strive to Attain those types of honour and regard, Which now a Taylor and ten yards of silk, Will throw upon a man-- I can but pity them, fillie, weak Men they clad in russet gray! By deeds sought titles, these have a nearer way, To what? to hell! Damnation follow them. Happy *Nufew* now I well perceive, Thou by experience notes sage nor in vain Foretell till the change of times, when to the plain From these tempestuous hills thou didst retire, I have forgot how oft thou wouldst bemoan *Affree's* flight to heaven; that Justice gone, Extortion took her seat, attended on By Pride and Ignorance. Oh I could curse! Dissolve to tears, yet laugh too, for this sight Affordeth both. Who hee would not smile To see an Ideot proud? as garnish poore, whose house Is but a sile, over rottenless within. This filly ass, what good within himself Can make him proud? his likes are none of his, He only bears them as a Camell treasure. Should the poor worme take from him what is here, How naked were hee, say how pitifull! Oh I would distract

*The Poor-mans comfort.*

A temperate virtue to behold his piebald jawes  
Sit on the Eagles perch; these aile bubbles,  
Out sides, waring more wealth beneath their knees,  
Then would relieve the want of twenty worthier  
Yet distressed souls. Here comes another of them,  
Has, if mine eyes deceive me not --

*Enter Lucia, Surdo.*

*Luc.* Now *Surdo*, are all things fit?

*Surd.* They are all ready Sir, your men I mean.

Mary how fit, you may imagine, considering most of them  
were borrowed cloathes, there was never Senator I think had  
halfe so many Attendants.

*Luc.* Why preshee, thy reason?

*Surd.* There's never a man of yours but has a follower or two of  
his own, for fear they should run away with their borrowed  
goods, you shall have them at a beck, they are watch for stealing.

*Gisb.* Tis he, my son *Lisander*, heart thou art oppress'd with joy,  
I could e'en blame my unadvised thoughts, that ere were moved  
with losse of my estate, which with his merit has thus advanc'd him;  
I, he has too much virtue in him to want preferment long.

*Surd.* My honour'd Lord, the Senate doth attend you. *Enter one.*

*Luc.* He instantly attend them: hart! *Gisbert* this way!

*Gis.* Stay worthy Son, mine eyes are drown'd in joy,

*Lisander* stay, old *Gisbert* speaks to thee.

*Luc.* To me! thou art mistaken, give the poor man an almes.

*Surd.* Have you any single money about you? give me six pence,  
here's a groat, we that carry the purse must profit by it.

*Gisb.* Is not your name *Lisander*? this *Surdo*? did not you marry  
*Urania* my daughter?

*Surd.* How? he marry your daughter? marry fough.

*Luc.* I wonder such are suffered to approach so neer the Court;  
Command the officers to vould him.

*Gisb.* Oh inhuman wretch! I will pursue the Villain.

*Luc.* Nay, then you'll be too troublesome.

*Surd.* Foot! have you no more wit then to think a Lord will  
acknowledge you for his father? were you my father, he should be  
upon good tearmes ere I would take acquaintance on you.

*Gisb.* Leave me your faculties of reason, virtue thou art a bigger,  
I will hate thy company.

There's none but fools and knaves that happy be.

*Canst*

Canst thou deny thy name? didst not thou come  
From the Arcadian plaines?

*Surd.* What an aile is this? we came from a bawdy house, say  
but a little, Ile shew thee the way thither; we'l be very jovial,  
I command all the under whores; thou shalt go upon the tickler with  
her. *Gibb.* Insufferable! man cannot bear it.

*Surd.* It will try your back, that's certain; marry then you shall  
have your Eringo rootes, Crabs guts, Doves pizles, fryed Glary,  
and Lambes stones that shall

*Gibb.* Thou wilt provoke me slave.

*Surd.* Oh! beyond all measure; what is it makes threescore ven-  
ture upon a gale of sixteen? say but a little till the Senate rise, and  
thou shalt co't old lad; make it not strange, if it be a sin, tis of a good  
standing, ever since *Adam*. Ile be for thee presently.

*Gibb.* Dissolve thou seat of life, that dost not yeild one good that's  
Worthy life, so many deaths each hour pursue us.

Thou dastard earth, why dost thou on thy aged shoulders bear  
More sorrowes yet, when as one groan would end thy misery,  
And ours? what ill canst thou expect

Beyond this age of sin? would'st thou behold more bribery?  
Dost think thou canst sustain more?

More sighs of wronged Innocents, whose tears  
Have euen into thy bowels? Dost thou desire

To bring forth more Ingratefull monsters yet;  
Whose sighs have turn'd all charity to flint?

Hast thou no place of refuge left? yes, the Senate,  
They will relieve thee *Gibb.*, these are men

Bred of superfluous humour, the sound blood  
Lies at the heart, thy wrongs once understood,

By those impartiall Judges, thy woes are cur'd.  
They are the Kingdomes props, by whom secur'd

The harmlesse Lamb lies by the ravenous Wolfe,  
And smiles to see him grin. Oh! pardon me

You honourable men that sway this monarchie,  
As the first Movers doth the generall globe,

In equall motion: I will recant mine error,  
And to posterity speak your partless doomes,

For their base minds are sway'd by bribes and blood,  
The world shall know great men are just and good.

*Ex.*

*The Peermans Comfort.*

Cornets for a duns shew.

A C T. III.

*Enter Officers with robes sitting, a Senator, Lucius, between Leonarde and Silseu, the rest attendants, two Officers.*

1. *Off.* Bear back, room for the Senate, bear back, you are too forward. I do not speak to you Sir, make room for the Gentleman in the embroydered doublet.

*Enter, Catia.* My hose are futable to it, I assure you Sir.

*Gisb.* I beseech you Sir, my entrance much concerns me.

1. *Off.* What's that to me? Dost think I stand here for nothing?

*Gisb.* You must pardon my ignorance, here's all I have.

2. *Off.* Nay, then you will in Sir.

*Gisb.* I swear he stands not there for nothing, the heaven of justice must needs be seated there, here is such hand entrance.

*Enter Lucius, Leonards, Vincentio, Silseu, Glisc.*

2. *Off.* What means this rude companion? stand back.

*Gisb.* This Officer must have somewhat too, but I have never an Asper left, I shall never be able to purchase an other entrance, if I do not speak.

2. *Off.* This fellow dotes.

*Gisb.* Not of thy company. Justice grave first, let me have justice.

*Luc.* Death! *Gisbert* here!

*Gisb.* If ever you'll deserve the prayers of good men, or have Your names preserv'd to happy memory.

When soules corrupted rot, give a free ear

To mine inhumane wrongs.

2. *Off.* Fellow, stand back.

*Vinc.* Officer forbear, speak freely aged man.

*Luc.* Some Planet strikes him dead, this fellow's mad, Talks of a daughter lost, has had some hinderance by her.

And being cross, will rail at any man he meets.

*Gisb.* Most shamelesse impudence!

*Leon.* He's far gone indeed, were he had some Physick given

him, or carried to the house of the *Isolani*.

*Silseu.* His age doth make him past recovery. Poor man! who brought him hither?

*Gisb.* How's this? do they take me for a mad man?

*Vinc.* I see no sign of such dissimulace. Speak aged father, Who has done thee wrong?

*Gisb.* That Monster *Lisander*, that ingratefull wretch.



*The Poor man's comfort.* Act T

*Sil.* Ha, ha, ha, alas good old man!

*Vin.* *Lisander*'s thy passion blinds thee sure, here's none of that name.

*Gib.* Is not your name *Lisander*, did not you marry my daughter?

*Lac.* I told you as much before; a place more private, or less free of aire, would fit him better.

*Leu.* See how his eyes turn, how fearfully he gazes on us; 'tis a deep Lunacie.

*Gilfo.* As I am a States-man, I pley him.

*Gib.* It may be I am mad, have lost my senses, I must confess I have not been mine own man this six days.

*Gilfo.* It seems no less.

*Gib.* Yet let me tell you Sir, were you *Lisander*, as you look very like him, I could unfold a tale, that had you heard of *him*—

*Vin.* His words me think speak no distraction.  
*Say* aged Father, if thy griefs be curable,  
Thou shalt find comfort.

*Gib.* Nay it makes no matter, I shall but trouble you. I find my sorrowes have overcome me, and returned my brain,  
And I'de be very loath—

*Lac.* To trouble us: Poor man go home; thou but disturb'st thy soul with the renewing of some ancient grief.

*Gib.* Look on me once again; and tell me if I be mad, have lost the faculties of a reasonable man, as sight or hearing.

*Gilfo.* Lost all as I am truly virtuous.

*Vin.* You wrong your judgement.

*Gib.* He be tryed by you Sir, you which do seem to have some spark of man left; I'll trust your eyes, compassion speaks in them, Am I my self a knowing creature able to distinguish—

*Vin.* Thou art, discourage not thy self, how ever grief Transports thee, thou art as free from Lunacy as my self.

*Lac.* Vexation!

*Gib.* Then he that sits in purple there's a villain.

*Lac.* Now by mine honour I'll pluck thy tongue out.

*Vin.* This violence proves some fault.

*Gib.* Nay let him come, has only left me life,  
And that I am weary of, his breath I'll take up.  
The groaning earth, the silent air shall speak  
In thundering Accents my lamentable wrongs.

*Vin.* Leave circumstance, name the particular.

*Gib.* I must give larger vent first, they have too long possess

*The Poor mans comforts*

This narrow seat. Know honour'd Sir his name  
I cannot name him, once did bear *Lisander* name,  
But that (as all his deeds) may well be counterfeited.  
Some ten years since, laden with grief and sorrow,  
Made to my lodge, though poor, yet happy as a Prince  
Then those whose streets much more lofty are,  
It was that day made fatall by the losse  
Of virtuous *Ferdinand*.

*I Luc.* Some Place strike him dead.

*Clit.* His eyes and silence scarce spake his griefs,  
No tedious way was made to his relief.  
It was sufficient, that his wants were known,  
True charity makes others want their own.  
I gave him safe repose, no gold prevaild,  
Though much was offer'd, to have his life betray'd.

Unto my daughters love, poor maid! pardon my tears!  
She did deserve ~~more~~ and ~~less~~ than I can say.

*Luc.* You wrong your worthy care,  
To heare a mad man thus.

*Vinc.* You wrong your self  
By all my Ancestors I do suspect.

*Luc.* Your misdeeds do you not?

*Vinc.* Rather thy honesty.

*Clit.* You are too forward *Vinc.*

*Vinc.* What, in relieving misery? would you had no greater crimes.

Father, proceed.

*Clit.* Nay I was almost at an end, beyond that ill

Fortune cannot extend a curse.

I mean the saddest, happall becoming

My child and him, with whom he had all,

And more he could not have. To expresse him in a word,

No sooner happy saw our King recover'd,

But he ingraterfull not only lost his son

Too miserable wife, but to expresse

The hatefull soul of base ingraterfull

Sold both our house and stocks, that did befall

To expose those limbs so hateful begg'd,

That fed and cloth'd his naked misery.

*Vinc.* A tale as false as true.

*Luc.* Peace howling *Palm*!

*My*

*The Poor-mans comfort.*

My merit's known to stand above deprave,  
Of such a Bedlam tongue. For you that please to sit,  
And hear my honour scandaliz'd, know I  
May turn his glasse, and give me cause to smile,  
And laugh as much at you.

*Gib.* Do you then fear him?  
If Justice self be aw'd, no marvell then,  
If strange opposition prey on weaker men.

*Leon.* You are too violent old man, a while give way.

*Gib.* Most willingly.

*Vinc.* To such foul tricks we may allow no favour.

*Gib.* You do forget, he's high in birth and place.

*Vinc.* His highnesse will add so much more hope  
Unto the justice of the punishment.

*Leon.* Who strikes a Lion must be sure strike home,  
Left ayning at his life, he lose his owne.

Such game I like not: old man, come near;

May I advise thee, thou shouldst leave thy suit.

*Gib.* First I will leave my life.

*Leon.* Nay, since you are so peremptory, know,

Thy accusation's idle, thou bringst no proofe.

*Gib.* No proofe!

*Leon.* His worth is known, thy age and poverty

Do move thy tongue beyond a certainty.

Howsoever his desert, for so mean a fact,

Does plead sufficient pardon, were the act

More capitall; men of your ricks

Must pay up injuries and render thanks.

*Gib.* Good, very good!

*Sil.* He tells you true, it may be our own case,

Shall we upon complaint of men to bise,

Be questioned? no, Cedars are Cedars still.

The valley must not dare to climb the hill.

Poor men must suffer, rich do what they will.

*Gib.* Better and better!

*Gib.* I admire their judgments that with mine just stand,

And I with them, as men best in one face:

Should I dissent from them, I were not wise in State.

*Gib.* Best of all!

*Vinc.* Poor man I pity thee! but cannot help:

*The Poor-mans comfort.*

Thou hadst best go home, thy sorrowes make thee sad,  
The good that I can do thee, is this, the world is bad.

*Gish.* Have you now said? I hope you'll give me leave,  
At least to answer you. He! all gone, tis not possible  
Not possible! This is the Senate house,  
The poor mans audience chamber, it cannot be.  
Thou shalt have justice sure, see with what silence  
They attend thy griefes: He that erst put thee back  
How quietly he stands to give thee passage.  
He lies that sayes this judgment fear's not free,  
And open unto justice, yes *Gisbert* thou shalt have justice.  
Most worthy Senators, this paper speaks my grief,  
An old mans grief, an old mans crying griefes.  
See with what greedy eyes they read it? cuse!  
*Gisbert*, thou shalt have right man, Equity  
It self sits here, This place admits no favour,  
Bribe nor fear.

*As Leon.* What's here? *Gisbert* craves justice against a Peer, a Senator,  
the man's distracted sure.

*As Sil.* Far gone indeed, see how his eyes do turn,  
How fearfully he gazes on us, poor man!  
Come hither, alas it were more fit,

Thou wert in Bedlam there to learn more wit.

*As Glisc.* As I am just, I pity him, lead him hence,  
A shepherd sue a Lord! Poor innocent,  
What mak'st with us? thou art out of the way sure, we  
Sit here about affaires more profitable.

*As Vicer.* But not more just, now by my blond you wrong  
The man, tis not dissemperance but grief that moves  
His tongue, his cause is just, and he shall finde

*As Leon.* Your weaknesse, shall he not do you forget he's low  
And base, his adversary great, old man be rul'd by me  
And leave us, yet if thou needs wilt know this

Thy accusations were they were so true  
We must respect his eminence, not you.  
Poor men are born to wrongs, low are their ranks,

The more they are trod upon, the more they must give thanks.  
*As Sil.* He tells you true, it may be our own case, should one  
Great these condemn an other? it were base.

*The Poor-mans comfort.*

Let them steal on: Cedars, are Cedars still,  
Poor men must suffer, rich do what they will.

As *Glisc.* I admire thy wisdom, that with mine just aim'd;  
And I with them, as men blest in one fate, should I  
Dissent from them, I were not wise in State.

As *Vinc.* Poor man! I pity thee, but cannot help,  
Thou hadst best go home, or stay here and run mad;  
The good that I can do thee, is this, the world is bad.

You empty pated Judges, painted Idols  
Whose souls are purpler then the robes you wear.  
Whose ear's more deaf unto the poor mans cries,  
Then hel's to pity: I will go home,  
And every step my soul shall utter a curse;  
Which meeting with the repercussive earth  
Shall beat yon marble vault and wake the Gods;  
Who with a leaden hand hold justice back,  
From falling on the impious heads of men.

And when mine failes *Uranias* tongue shall help,  
*Lysanders* name will make her eloquent  
In exclamations; the day thus spent  
With jealousy we'll watch the wanton night,  
No sooner shall a star dart forth his light  
Through her Eben vail, but from our eyes  
A daunev vapour like a mist shall rise,  
To choake his fire, and fright the partiall watch.

The day we'll spend in curses, the night we'll weep  
Till tears glew down our eyes, to mock sad sleep.

Enter *Gisbert* againe. Enter *Ferdinand*, *Licurga*, *Vincenlio*, &c.

*Ferd.* Move us no more, having seen the fort and taken  
Order for those Souldiers, we'll choose a wife for *Lucius*,  
To equall him in birth, and place him as our Lieutenant.  
Ower them, till this be done we'll take no sleep.  
How now, from whence these letters?

Enter *Post.* Here within.

*Post.* From *Sicily*. *Ferd.* How fares your King *Valerius*?

*Post.* In perfect health.

These Letters crave perusall withall speed.

*Ferd.* Our leasure serves us now, till soon *Vincenlio*  
We'll defer the reading of them, and with the morning Sun  
Let our Secretary dispatch him with an answer.

*Post.*

*The Poor-mans comfort.*

*Post.* I do beseech your Majesty,

*Ferd.* Be not so importunate, forbear till morn.

*Post.* Tis news I fear, though late, will come too soon.

*Enter Sigismund, Catz.*

*Catz.* What a mad Gentleman's this? whither will he lead me?

*Sigif.* I take you are a magician can blinde mens eyes with apparitions, and turn your self into divers strange shapes and proportions.

*Catz.* Who told him of my purpose troe?

*Sigif.* I will put you to your purgations Sir, I will have you show me a sort of Virgins about the age of 20. honest.

*Catz.* Tis impossible, Art cannot find them out I assure you.

*Sigif.* I will have them poor too; then thou shalt find me 20. honest Lawyers that are rich.

*Catz.* They are not in nature neither.

*Sigif.* And they shall marry with those Virgins, and so we may chance to have an honest breed of them; I am a good Commonwealths man, I will have it so, do not defer it, art not a conjurer?

*Catz.* A poor Scholar Sir, and that's next door to beggery & They are cousin germanes.

*Sigif.* I am mistaken, thou art a Philosopher, pick me a fallot for my dinner, and by that time Ile be with you in Philosophy.

*Catz.* Pick you a fallot! I had as live pick rushes. I cannot tell how to pick a fallot, not I. Who comes here? another mad man? hel's broke loose sure, I were best to run away.

*Enter Gisbert.*

*Gisb.* Tis done in dismall characters, how black it looks! Especially towards the latter end, where they did Make away my daughter, now let me see what shape Would sic me best.

*Catz.* An Asses shape if your Advocate hath left you worth your

*Gisb.* Rare! Tha's into a night raven, it will smite with my Revenge, for when the evening grows late, these prying Statesmen sit in their closets plotting some innocents fall, which to their net may bring a golden draught: my wings shall beat their casements open, and with horrid clamors and Croakers affright their guilty souls, Oh! it will be rare, To see those made others make themselves despair.

*Sigif.* Do'ye heare Sir? before we enter into disputation, Ile put a case of State upon you, I know you are a Politician.

*Gisb.* A word with you Sir, Is this a Senator?

*Sigif.*



*Sigif.* Dost make a doubt on't? Is he not cloth'd in purple, shall hear him give his charge. Grave father take your seat.

*Catz.* This world will not last long here, Learning is so sodainly advanced.

*Sigif.* Now Sir, have you any business with this Learned man?

*Gish.* Special business! Does not your Lordship know *Gish*?

*Catz.* That name is known to me.

*Gish.* And his daughters, too, is't not?

*Catz.* He had a daughter.

*Gish.* But thou hast murdered her. *Pluck him down.*

*Sigif.* Oh! save the Physician, learning's overthrown else.

*Catz.* Hold Sir, hold, I am no Senator, I am a Footslopper.

*Gish.* A Philosopher, then rise Aristark ass.

*Catz.* You have made a sticke ass of me I am sure.

*Gish.* Are you a Philosopher too?

*Sigif.* Keep off! I shall break in pieces else, I am made all of glass;

Canst thou not see quite thorow me?

*Gish.* I took him for a Senator, a man of State, those we call great ones.

*Catz.* You have made a little one of me, I might have kept me

out of your claws like a coxcombe as I was, if I had known you

would ha played hottie play with me.

*Sigif.* But since you are a Philosopher, lie put you to your books.

*Catz.* Not I Sir, I was put to that afore; and since it will not

save me, lie be hang'd ere I trust to; any more. There's a Gen-

tleman of your own humours, he'll dispute like a Puritan, with-

out all sense or reason.

*Gish.* Then this Learned man, shall be Moderator, nay sit down,

If you prove not a Philosopher, he make an ass of you presently.

*Sigif.* I would be loath to crack, the least touch makes a flaw

in me.

*Gish.* Thus I oppose you Philosopher, If Justice be *comp* simple,

a simple body, as Phillosophy defines it, how comes It that she de-

sires composition, and deals not simply according to her nature,

without a working element be joyn'd with her?

*Cat.* This Question's able to put ten Constables and their bills

to silence, yet lie answer you Sir, Justice is a simple body, now

Sir, the more simple the body is, the better cloathing it requires;

and great reason, for the most part she wears loose garments, and

now being to cut her coat out of a broad cloth, she had not need

*The Ingratefull Comfort*

of slender comings in Sir,

*Sigs.* But Justice is blind Sir,

*Cez.* True Sir ! and therefore subject to go astray ; and therefore she had need have the more help to put her in the way.

*Gib.* He have another bout with you Philosopher.

*Cez.* A few more bouts will make me turn Fencer and run away, tis the safest ward when all is done.

*Gib.* Have at you Sir. Thus I oppose you Mr. Philosopher, If heavy bodies that are composed of earth, descend downward, how comes it, that so many fools and Usurers, rise upward?

*Cez.* As I am a honest man, I shall never be able to answer him.

*Gib.* I ha' put you to't, make no demurs, lest I joyne issue with you.

*Cez.* Hold, hold, he'l beat that into me, which he wants himself.

*Gib.* Are you ready?

*Cez.* You are I am sure else, but he answer you. The reason that fools and Usurers rise upward, is this, Fortune's a whore, now your whore is a light creature you know, and of her self turns upward ; now this whore doating upon none but fools and Usurers, with a violence hand beats them along with her.

*Gib.* Why had not this whore Fortune been carted then?

*Cez.* Because she has the Usurer to her friend, and buyes it out Sir.

*Gib.* Let me embrace thee, most wise *Locust*;

Give Learning place.

*Cez.* Alas ! you ha' beat out his bottome, did he not tell you, he was all glasse. We shall never joyne him together again.

*Sigs.* I finde my self in two, hold ! or I shall fall in pieces.

*Gib.* What bad fortune had I to break so rare a piece of workman-  
*Enter Ferdinand, Vincentio, Glisier, Sisco.* (Ship?)

*Ferd.* Fair *Adelicio* shipwreckt, let each eye drown'd in tears,  
Participate her losse. Command through out our Land  
An universall day of sorrow ; haplesse maid !

Not thine, but my impariall fate had sway  
In thy untimely obsequies ; behold him that confirms it.

My all of grief and joy, poor boy could I

Recover with my lives losse, thy well being ;

But thou art all incurable.

*Sigs.* True *Esculapion*, I am.

*Cez.* You must bear with him, he is no wiser then he should be.  
He thinks he is glasse, and with this fall broke into 1000 pieces.

*Ferd.*

*The Poor-mans comfort.*

*Ferd.* Let him into our palace, henceforth we'll not expose him.  
To experiment of art, our self will be his keeper.  
His sight at least will do a true friends part,  
And banish bittering comfort from my heart.  
What aged man is that in whom grief looks  
So pale? It makes us fearfull to behold him.

*Gish.* It is the King of birds here, how all crouch to him,  
and do him willing homage.

*Ferd.* Speak, what art thou?

*Gish.* Though old dredd Sovereign, yet vouchsafe him bearing,  
Will lay such black dee ds epe will banish night  
For ever from her veil, or loath the light.  
Peruse this paper.

*Ferd.* Alas poor man! my soul doth pity him.

See here the Villain comes, Lord Lucius  
We purpose to prefer you to a wife  
Of our election.

*Luc.* I do beseech your grace to pardon me.  
I have vow'd to live a single life.

*Ferd.* You have vow'd to live a single Villain!  
Peace monstrous wretch, I hardly check my tears,  
Unhappy King that must trust others ears!  
No marvell Heaven so many ill down burl,  
Nought but injustice can destroy the world.  
Corrupted Judges, the States most dangerous foes,  
They smile and strike, there's no fence for their blows.  
Vengeance and rage! I could forget my being,  
And be your executioner my self.

*Gish.* This creature speaks in other language.

*Sil.* We humbly do confess our crimes, and on  
Our knees intreat your highness pardon.

*Ferd.* Pardon! may my own sins ne'r be remitted thee.  
Ingrateful Monster! Canst thou deny this schedule?  
Recall thy old old man, I am thy Prince,  
And will revenge thy wrong.

*Gish.* Art you a man Sir?

*Ferd.* As thou art. Speak Villain.  
Canst thou disprove this too just accusation?

*Luc.* I cannot; only for the murder,  
As I shall hope for mercy, I am free.

*The Poor-mans comfort.*

*Gib.* Lives my *Urania* then?

*Luc.* I left her neer the Lodge,  
Whither in grief she made

*Ferd.* Abhorred viper, that couldst behold her smart,  
Who with her own cur'drine, I loth thy light;

And here deprive thee of all dignity

Due from thy Ancestors, thy Land, we seize,

And give thee only four dayes space, to find *Urania* out.

One hour defer'd, our Kingly word is past,

Thou for her losse, shalt tast untimely death.

So thrust him forth our presence.

*Ex. Lucius.*

*Gib.* True Prince indeed!

Pardon, renowned King, my much forgetfulness!

Oh! let some pinnacle, made a God, whose height

May reach to heaven, bear thy name stamp'd

In golden characters, untoucht by envious time.

*Ferd.* Rise much wrong'd man, you worst, but first in place

With him that did so easily second thy false doome.

We banish both of you into the woods;

As most unworthy mans society.

Thou shalt enjoy the place and honour

Of our chief Justice; infer no denyall.

What want is in thy birth, preeminence,

Thou hast in virtue and in innocence.

So lead away, thy daughter being not dead.

Thy joy ore flowers, all sorrow cancelled.

*A c t . I V .*

*Enter Lucius, Galman, Florio, Surd, Urania.*

*Flav.* Perjur'd slave! hast a wife? couldst thou think lesberty would  
have a better end? out of my doore seducing Varlet.

*Luc.* Hear me but speak.

*Gull.* Out upon thee peccurions Rascal! my selfe shak' to be at  
thee, thou hast made little better then a whore of my daughter.

*Surd.* And a band of your Ladyship.

*Gull.* Wer't not for modesties sake I would have my privy wounds  
out of thy flesh.

*Elev.* The hangman will rid us of that care, deaggetly slave line  
Why dost not laugh at him Galladere?

*Ura.* I could shed tears for thee poor *Lucius*.

Though

*The Poor-mans' comfort.*

Though many moneths thou couldst indure my grief,  
One day seems long till I yeeld thee relief.

*Luc.* Is then all love and pity banished? In lieu then of the good  
thou stand'st possess by me, grant me but one nights being in thy  
house, thou see'st 'tis late, and I unfurnished of means and credit.

*Flew.* Would one night save thy life, restore thy name and thy  
degraded honour, I would not grant it, for know I hate thee more,  
then all thy wealth insorc'd me love before.

*Surd.* You are no who?

*Flew.* So let's in if longer you stay here,  
I will provide you of a Harbinger.

*Gull.* You shall have a lodging at the cost of the Parish if you  
stay a little longer. *Exunt.*

*Surd.* Baud, blood-sucker Canniball.

*Ura.* Afflicted man! I that for comfort sought thy company,  
could now afford some pity unto thee. *Ex.*

*Luc.* Ill destined *Lucius*, but in vain's complaint, then tell me *Surd*,  
what cure canst thou apply unto my miseries?

*Surd.* Such as the world gives to men in distresse, As I am a Cour-  
tier I must leave you. *Luc.* How leave me?

*Surd.* Would you not have me follow the example of my betters?  
I promised you to serve you only as you were a Lord; and so  
I have done, and will till I see you at the gallows, and thither you  
shall have followers enough.

*Luc.* Wilt thou not help to find my wife our thir?

*Surd.* Ile see what I can do. Oyes I did any manner of man  
take up a woman child, of the age of a 2. lost for want of a husband,  
let them look into her mark, and if they finde her a Virgin bring  
her to the Hangman.

*Luc.* Ingratefull groom, dost mock my misery?

*Surd.* Are you such an asse to think she'l be found to save you  
from Hanging, that have left her swimming all this while? she has  
more hope of her widowhood then so; the old saying is, Marry a  
widow whose husband was hanged; and then she cannot upbraid  
you with them; Ile see if I can find her and put it in paradise. Fare-  
well, I will look to hear from you by the next new Ballad; pray  
Jove it be to a good tune, and come off bravely to the life, it will be  
to your own comfort and credit of your followers, to see and hear  
so many bear parts in your death. *Ex.*

*Luc.* Contemp'd and left of all! where are my parasites now?

*The Poor-mans comfort.*

Honours shadowes that seem to move with an obsequious flight,  
as if they were inseperably tyed unto our persons. When the  
teeth is, their motion is from the sun, which being done once,  
we are left naked. Why should I blame this world then,  
Since means and honour sway the greatest men?  
For give me one that ere lov'd virtue poore,  
Shew me an Uiserer charitable, or an honest whore.  
I cannot *Flavia* with just cause condemn thee.  
It is the leaden waight of time that moves thy hate,  
And with a violent hand doth force thy soul  
To this observing world, for well thou knowest,  
Wert thou as chaste and fair as the Greekish dame,  
Fam'd for her twice ten winters constancie,  
And hadst no foil to put thy virtues off,  
Thou might'st spin out thy daies to get thee food,  
Or turn base prostitute, and sell thy blood,  
At every comers price.

*Enter Urania.*

*Ura.* Where might I find this most unhappy man!  
Whose grief will not permit my jealous soul  
To trust him with the night: Oh! did he know  
How much beyond my sell I prize his love;  
Twould move him to afford me pity, if not love,  
But see where suiting with his fortunes, on the ground  
He has cast himself, could we our fates foreknow,  
He had kept the happy mean, not lain so low.  
My honour'd Lord why with so hard an eye,  
Do you behold your friends?

*Luc.* Thou dost forget thy self, I am poor, and poverty,  
When none else will do't, makes all men fly.

*Ura.* You much mistake me Sir, I am *Cassandra*  
One that did never fawn on your prosperity;  
Yes cannot choose but love you, whose sympathy  
Speaks mine own woes: pray Sir accept this.

*Gives him gold.*

*Luc.* O! tell me true,  
Did not *Flavia's* hand commit this charge to thee?

*Ura.* Can you yet think she loves you Sir, whose hate  
Has reacht a height so far above her sex?  
Or is your weaknesse such to love her still?

*Luc.* My constancy is such I ever shall,  
Alas! tis not her hate but fear to suffer in my disgrace, tis her  
want that moves her thus to my injury.

*Ura.*



*The Poor mans comfort*

*Ura.* These are the effects  
Of lust whose seat is in the bloud and sway'd by that  
As by the nourishing food, whereas love  
Having her residence only in the soul;  
And setting her affections once is not more moy'd by  
Any outward accident then are our thoughts by  
Captiving our bodies.

*Luc.* Thou speakest beyond a woman.

*Ura.* You have a wife Sir, or it seems you had one,  
Though by your much ingratitude undone.  
Compare these two, the strumpet and your wife,  
One seeks your death, the other gives you life.

*Luc.* Thy words do trouble me, I am not well.

*Ura.* Alas! how can you Sir, you are in hell?  
Tyed to the flames of an enchanting Harlot,  
Pardon me Sir, if beyond modesty  
I presse a strangers ear, in whom I see  
My own sad fate, answer me one demand.

*Luc.* Freely speak what ere it be.

*Ura.* What one particular  
Most moves your love unto this creature?

*Luc.* Her beauty which alone I would enjoy.

*Ura.* But never did.  
What pleasure has the Usher in seeing  
Another's gold he cannot hold? or what  
Particular happiness gives that which every day,  
Man for a Pistollet may make purchase on.  
O! think that willingly you would not wear  
The garments of another; nor lay your body  
In the common bed of a suspected Harlot.

Think how much more you should abhor to mix  
Your blood with an adulterers curtezan;  
Wash in a leprous bath; a strumpets womb;  
And see your love is such another.

*Lar.* Impossible! *Ura.* How wilt make it apparent?

*Lar.* I should die willingly, and think my tortures  
Too gentle for so foul a change.

*Ura.* Attend me then.  
Here are three duckets all the worlds life money,  
What will you say, if for this gold you abstain

*On the ground.*

*The Four main comfort.*

To lie with her this night.

*Luc.* As I did *Lucius*, whom she so contemns.

*Urs.* The same; Imbrace her lustfull wast, receive

As much content as ever, yet in the morn,  
She shall reject your fight with loathed scorn.

*Luc.* Make me so happy in my misery;  
My soul shall blesse thee.

*Urs.* And if I do not may I lose my hopes;  
Come saddest soul, your doubts Ile not prolong,  
Thus honest wives avenge their husbands wrong.

*Enter Alexia, Adellia, & Tabia.*

*Alex.* How like you fair this solitary life?

*Adell.* As shipwracke men the shore, or prisoners liberty.  
I never thought a good in life to be,  
Untill I found it here.

*Alex.* This your content doth bring into my miade  
Those dayes that *Cavus* lived upon his plain,  
Unhappy Courtier, yet a happy swain.  
Me thinks I now do hear his well-run'd pipe  
That drew the covetous ear of listning shepheards  
To hear him chant his pained misery.  
But I forget my self and stay too long,  
Our supper's yet to kill, and night drawes on.

*Adell.* You need not wake such hast, our store's not spent;  
Here's enough left: small viands serve content.

*Alex.* But time calls forth, and promise liberall prey.  
I must be gone, and if my horn you hear,  
Think I have sped. I promise thee rich cheer.

*Adell.* Take your own way, why now I thank thee late,  
Thou hast made a double mends for my lost state.  
In stead of honours and a marriage bed,  
To chaste thoughts and content my soul is wed.  
Vain world I hate the stead of thy flattery;  
Heaven is my Book, virtue my company.

*Enter O. will.*

*Osw.* Where should I seek for death, or find some means  
To stop the gaping jawes of famine, I could on equall  
Termes incounter with a Tigre, whose rage hath  
Suck'd her dry. Ingratefull hounds that feed upon  
His bowels, whose want drab his life's continuance.

*The Part-mans Comfort.*

Thou wound'st me more then all mine enemies. But  
See some Angel, yet her face speaks her woman. Meall  
Should Davills guard it, thus would I reach and eat.

*Adel.* Amazement to my soul, how greedily he feeds, 'twas want  
sure forc'd him hither, if so I am glad our poverty supplies him:  
Oh! did he know who with a licorish palat feeds to surfer, how  
many empty souls would be made happy in what he vomits; or felt  
one dayes torture of piercing hunger, with what temperate hand  
he would injoy these natures medicines! food is no other.

*Osw.* So I feel my self in reasonable temper now. But I forget  
my happinesse, here's a better course. Pardon me beauty, that I  
scaped so fair a mark as your lips, but now Ile make amends.

*Adel.* What mean you Sir?

*Osw.* Nay I know you will plead chastity, tis the common fault  
of your sex, you have been some under vessell, waiting woman, and  
salm into the Butlers hands, had an untimely broaching, and now  
are laid aside here for ripening.

*Adel.* What do you take me for?

*Osw.* A woman made for the use of man.

*Adel.* I am a haplesse woman,  
Wrackt at Sea, and cast upon this shoar.

*Osw.* Did not I tell you, ye had a leak; Come, come, leave cir-  
cumstance, thou seest I am mortal, and thou art flesh and blood;  
born to fall, and therefore let's down together: nay, nay, do not resist.

*Adel.* Not resist? know brutish creature, I am too well provided  
to lose mine honour, so long as this frail flesh which we call life  
can ransom it. Villain keep off! chaste *Lucretia* shall be my president.

*Osw.* So I would have her, Ile with *Torquin* first, and then kill thy  
self after if thou hast a mind to't. *Lucretia* she was the first cunning  
whore that ever made a fool of a Cuckold, when she saw the mor-  
ning, her night villany was discovered, to prevent the fire fell upon  
the sword; but since you'l needs be stabbed, Ile help you.

*Adel.* Prevented! if there be a power that helps. *(Takes her knife.)*  
Distress chastity, rescue a spoiledd maid.

*Osw.* She should be a maide, she's so unwilling to her businesse.  
But since you force me to enter into bonds with you, Ile make you  
seal to the Articles of agreement, ere I have done with you.

*Adel.* Help, help, if I have deserv'd chine anger Heaven,  
Oh let it fall at once! Let one death expiate.

*Osw.* She should be a sinner, death's so clem in her mouth, What's  
here?

*The Poor-mans Comfort.*

here? Epistles? To the high & mighty Prince *Ferdinand*. From whence?  
Yours *Kalerib* of *Sicily*. We have sent you here our *Letter*.  
daughter—Fortune, thou hast return'd amends for all  
my wrongs. Revenge, I wonot keep thee fasting one minute  
longer. *Horn within.*

*Adel.* Heaven thou art just; now Monster doe thy worst.

*Ofw.* Beyond Hell's torture; What Villaine blows that Horn?

*Adel.* A virtuous Woodman, who with his followers.

*Ofw.* His followers? Nay then I am trapt, the bellowing Oxe  
that with his groines did fright the Earth carry'd not half that tor-  
ture in't, I shall dissolve through fear.

*Adel.* The baseness of thy guilt, unworthy wretch! Yet know  
how worthy merit stands; I pity thee, Distract thy self no fur-  
ther, by my chaste blood, I'll set thee free, so henceforth to this  
Wood thou wilt become a stranger.

*Ofw.* Hell swallow me else.

*Adel.* I'll take your oath, unbind me first, then fall  
To your meat, with as good stomach as before.

*Enter Alexis, Leonards, St. ras.*

*Alex.* Recall your spirits, grief-afflicted men.  
Time may restore those honours he hath borrowed.

Thou to try how you will bear it; nor shall I, think it my least  
happynesse to have been Author of your change.

*Ant.* Your virtuous arguments have overcome us.

*Alex.* Now Lady I have brought you: Ha, what stranger's that?

*Adel.* A miserable almost famisht man,

He hardly could speak well when he came in,

His body was so weak, his mind so ill.

*Ofw.* Shee I spoyl all; I was a poor souldier in these wars, and  
have been in some reputation wth our King. I have been trou-  
blesome to this Gentlewoman: I would fain bee unmannerly,  
having filled my belly, be out of this Forrest.

*Adel.* His guilt admits no trust, pray give him free conduct.  
I'll force your stay, since we have met, thus happily.

*Alex.* We will not part till supper, no place I see

But gives us means to practice charity.

What wants in fare, your welcome shall supply.

Make good my promise Lady.

*Adel.* With a willing heart.

If you knew all, you'd say I had reason for't.

*Ex.*

*Ofw.*

*The Poor-mans comfort.*

*Osw.* Hell choke you with your Supper. But may these two be,  
*Silent* and *beast-like*, that help to dis throne me?  
What new turn of State has forc'd them hither?

*Leo.* I'll question him, it may be he can resolve us, if *Oswell* lives;  
Me thought I heard thee name thy dependence on the banisht King.

*Osw.* I did hang on him as others did, as long as he had nap, you  
ha my meaning; came you not from Court?

*Sil.* Against our wils; for know, we are banisht chence by un-  
mindful *Ferdinand*, who for one bad, has quite forgot the many  
goods he still enjoys by us.

*Osw.* I know't too well; Hell take you for't.

*Leo.* Leaving our merits; Let it suffice  
He turn'd us down, that by our aid did did rise.  
Can you resolve Sir, if *Oswell* live?

*Osw.* And if I could, think if I would betray him? I'de suffer first.

*Leo.* Protest no further, there's none here means him lesse good  
then your self.

*Osw.* This fals out to my wish; a word with you Gentleman:  
suppose *Oswell* lived, and by your aid might repossesse his Diadem,  
would you prove honest?

*Amb.* As Heaven to virtue!

*Osw.* Then know I am the man, and to regain my Crown  
want only but your assistance.

*Amb.* Command us as your Vassals.

*Osw.* As our friends, and those that shall have equall shares with  
us. First then know this woman is *Valerius* his daughter.

*Leo.* The woman of this cave.

*Osw.* The same, sent hither to be matcht with *Sigismund*, and ship-  
wrackt in her passage, fell upon this shore.

*Amb.* A most strange accident.

*Osw.* 'Tis her disgrace or death must raise our hopes.

*Leo.* How is this to be made possible?

*Osw.* Thus; my self not taking notice of her birth, will charge her  
to the State for companying in lustful action with this woodman,  
which seconded by you, will seem so clear, that being returned  
with shame, or here with death paying her forfeiture, her father  
that overwhelm'd our state in just revenge bears us up again.

*Amb.* A most unheard of Villany.

*Osw.* Doe you demur upon't?

*Amb.* We only want disguise, that and 'tis done.

*The Poor-man's comfort.*

*Ofw.* Here's gold to furnish you, this night I'll raise the neighbouring Village to apprehend 'um, make you hence and fall not to morrow to meet me in the Senate.

*Luc.* Our lives be gag'd, if we one minute miss,  
Be this the last day of our happinesse. Ex.

*Ofw.* Your wishes be your own. Thou Queen of Fate,  
Forbear thy restless motion but one hour,  
Revenge is mine, *Ofw.*'s above thy power. Ex.

**A c t. V.**

*Enter Lucius and Urania.*

*Ura.* **H**Ave I not kept my promise? Did you not finde her base, and mercenary?

*Luc.* She is as all the world is mercenary,  
Except thy self chaste vestuous *Cassidora*.

*Enter Gulman, Flavia.*

*Gul.* But art sure he has no more gold?

*Fla.* Not an Asper; but I'll try, come you dissembling wanton, thou dost not know how I love thee, hast not a toy, a Ring, nor Jewel left?

*Luc.* Pardon sweet *Flavia*, I ha not any, yet such is thy impulsive and attracting beauty, I can as well live without fire ayr, as be debarr'd thy presence. *Flav.* How's this, my presence?

*Gul.* The fellow's desperate, he would fain be hang'd at our dore, we want no sign; good Wine needs no bush, we have custome enough already. *Luc.* Thou dost but put this trick on me to try me, Thy last night's love shew'd thy affection to me.

*Flav.* Affection? marry for — I would not endure such another nights torment; Pack hence, or call an Officer.

*Luc.* Thy worst foul Monster! I will not leave this place, Wast thou as high in malice as in lust, Here will I end my life, to prove Heaven just.

*Ura.* Let me intreat you for this day forbear him.

*Gul.* Out upon thee puritanical filth, we may thank thee for this, that preferst the Cart before the Horse; turn Procurers, before th' art past procreation.

*Flav.* This young Brwd will confound all our doings.  
I shall set you in with a mischief.

*Ura.* Thou hast done thy worst already, and my miseries in spite of thee shall end, this tower doth gain

*My.*



*The Poor-man's comfort.* 117

My Love's love, or kills me with disdain.

Gull. You will not go then? *Enter.* Nor stir from hence.

Gull. Look to the door daughter while I go for the Constable; 24  
Wouldst make a vaulting schoole of our house? thou wilt hang thy  
self and thou wilt, but not here neither, yet if thou hast a mind  
to't, Ile go fetch a Hangman.

Flav. She tells you true, this in a circle. *How is it?*  
Fools and knaves nourish us, and we the gallows. *Ex.*

Luc. Monsters in nature I my apprehensive thoughts  
Present a thousand tortures, the least of which  
Wounds more, then the bloudiest Executioner.

Thou tell-tale conscience, cease thy bawling clamors,

Here's that shall stop thy throat, yet now I think on't,

My poor *Urania* dyed a lingering death,

Each thought whereof like to a greedy Vulture, *Enter Urania.*

Feeds on my tyred heart. Thou discontented ghost,

Where ere thou wandrest stay thy restless course,

Behold thy most ingratefull husbands blood,

Seeing the thirsty earth. And thus *Urania*, I boldly come to thee.

*Ura.* And thou art welcome, as heaven to miserie. Mistake me  
not, I am *Urania*, the that in this shape, persued thy wished sight,  
attending this blessed hour.

Luc. *Urania*! shame and my joyes at once confound me.  
Canst thou forgive my wrongs?

*Ura.* As freely as I wish forgiveness of my sins, say but thou  
lovest me, I have double interest for my sorrow.

Luc. Love thee! I am thy vassall, my joyes come on to fall,

I fear they are too violent to last. *Enter Flavia.*

Flav. I think here comes a Surgeon to remove you. How is this?

Luc. and my maid so familiar impudent? I am persued, I fear the flint

off thy face. *Enter Perpetua.* Take this for a

Flav. Devils and furies! I am slain. *Ura.* Alas what hast thou done?

Luc. Nothing but what my life must answer, lie my *Urania*,

Though thou forgav'st me, heaven will not;

By what thou hold'st most dear, abandon me.

*Ura.* No, Shouldst thou rack and torture presently

Be fixt unto my limbs.

Luc. Thou add'st to my afflictions, if prayers

Will not prevail. He lie and leave thee.

*Ura.* Rather of life then of this fight, berave me;

*The Reck-more comfort*

Know I will accuse my self as chiefest Actor in this Murder.  
If thou makest motion to go without me.

*Enter Galliano, Constable, and Officer.*

Gull. See, this is the fifth file I told you of, open that box, you may swear lawfully you took no bribe of me, Constable do your office, Oh my daughter, Constable, my daughter!

Const. How came this murder? Luc. This bloody hand did do it.

Vra. Set on by me. Gull. Let me tear her eyes out.

Luc. By all that may be sworn by, she is free, the act is only mine.

Gull. Most unnatural villain to thrust a woman into the body thus unmanly, I will have both your blouds for't.

Vra. Mine, he is innocent. Luc. Mine, I desire it.

Gull. Nay, nere strive, He hang you both, I warrant you, my daughter was not unknown to some of the bench, and if they would not speak for her in such a case as this, would they might never have good of womans flesh. Oh my daughter! my chaste and virtuous daughter.

*Enter Sigismund and Catzara a Lady.*

Sigif. Thou art a Lady fair one. Catz. I, a horrible painted one.

Sigif. And a mighty great one, and therefore He court thee.

Catz. 'Tis beyond the art of man to court me fair, I am not to be dealt withall in that kind, and therefore keep off, I am not for your turn, keep off saucy jack.

Sigif. Not for my turn? why I am a Prince, and will inght thy brow, thy ivory brow, with stones as precious.

Catz. Stoner! you can do no good upon me with your stones.

Sigif. Grant me but assurance of thy love, He dare against Joves thunder, my rivall Jove, whose bolt did cleave my heart, throw and threw, and made a way to my brain, when I last courted thee in yonder thicket.

Catz. Oh horrible! he has got the true propertie of a Lover, he can lie bravely. Court me in yonder thicket?

Sigif. Why? hast thou forgot my sweet duck, look on me my pigsnie, cast but one smile, one gentle smile upon me.

Catz. Some smile! I cannot smile for laughing.

Sigif. Well remember this, you will not afford me a sheeps eye, say no more, nay nere intreat, thou getst not a kisse, a look, nor a touch, nor a feel, nor a bit of my thumb length.

Catz. That's but short allowance for a Gentlewoman.

Sigif. I must to her again, you do not love me, you do not.

Alas!

*The Four-men's comfort.*

Alas! I am ignorant of your tricks, you have forgot, Since you and I plaid last at Maw, when your Ace of hearts could not command my Knave of diamonds, till you were glad to lay your five fingers on't.

*Catz.* Maw! lie upon him, what a noddy is this?

*Sigis.* You have forgot since I talk't bandy with your Ladyship by moonshine, and how you swore you dream't of me, till you tickled again, and ever since doated on me with the very conceit of the dream, and now I will make your ladyship kneel for a kisse, may humble thy self, and I wo'not come over thee.

*Catz.* Fie, fie, never had Gentlewoman such a suitor. Now by my poating stick, a fit oath for a chambermaid, you shall have him court me in all the true Elements of a drunkard, Fox-like, Lyon-like, and last, Maudlin-like, and so turn all his smiles into tears.

*Sigis.* Not yet! will she not stoop? I must close with her, Comr, come, I know you swell now, you grow so plump about the lips, suppose I should vouchsafe to kisse this chop cherry now.

*Catz.* I scorn to kisse I can assure thee.

*Sigis.* Disdain a Prince, a Lyon, curtrash parboil'd stuff. What's a woman but a hollow vessell, an Aquavive bottle, a washing tub, a box? What is your Ladyship proud of?

*Catz.* Of my Virginity, Sir.

*Sigis.* He try what kind of stuff your Ladyships Virginities made of.

*Catz.* Thou wilt not ravish me, wilt thou?

*Sigis.* By Mars his standard but I will.

*Catz.* By Venus buckler but thou shalt not.

*Sigis.* Thou wilt not draw I hope.

*Catz.* But I will, and defend my maiden honour with my life.

*Sigis.* But up fair maid, thy chastity overcomes my spleen, Forgive me gentle Love, and I will weep my self to water.

*Catz.* That may be, for your brain swims I am sure! What art affe is this to be in love with me? I am no lady, Sir, I am your wish *Catz.*

*Sigis.* Keep off, I shall overthrow thee else, dost not see me swim and tumble mountain high, thou art a Pinace, art thou?

*Catz.* A kind of a flec boat, there's a storm toward, my bed is to get into harbour.

*Sigis.* Sea room enough or we are lost, amain, amain, Now up, now down again.

*Catz.* I am sure I have a leak already, help, help, help.

*Enter*

*The Poor-man's comfort.*

*Enter Ferdinand and others.*

*Ferd.* What means this outcry?

*Catz.* I think he has thrust out my bottom, I shall never live to prove the old proverb true, a young Courtier and an old begger, I have had so many maims in his service.

*Sigis.* Neptune has laid the storme, how calm's the sea now? how silent the winde? all's done, all's done.

*Catz.* All's one for that you, shall not draw me to sea with you again. *Ferd.* How camest thou thus attired?

*Catz.* He said he would make a Lady on me, but as many Knights do, he has made a poor one of me, he began very hotly. But at last he cool'd me over head and ears, He handle a Lady!

*Ferd.* This makes me thinke that love was the originall of this untimely extasse, didst never hear him speak of some strange beauty?

*Catz.* He spoke too lately with me, and now I remember me, I left him in the wood with a good handsome Female, and when I found him again, he was as mad as a Hart in rutting time.

*Enter Vincentio.*

*Ferd.* Her sight sure did transport him. What newes *Vincentio*?

*Vinc.* No great newes, onely a woodman and a maid accus'd of foul lust, this day receive their doom.

*Ferd.* Where were they taken?

*Vinc.* In an obscure Cave within the Forrest.

*Sigis.* That maid would I find deal withall, command her hither. Why dost not fetch her?

*Ferd.* Be patient, thou shalt along with us.

Do'st know the face that hath with forrest lost you?

*Catz.* I have cause to know it, they talke of countenances, I got more by that face in an hour, then the best countenance in Court will get me in an age, though I were Ulster to the best Lady of them all.

*Ferd.* My heart presages Good heaven work thy will;

When we least hope, the heavens prove kindest still,

Sirra bring him along.

*Ex.*

*Catz.* Come Sir, will you jog into the Garden?

*Sigis.* You'll bring me to the Lady then.

*Catz.* Yes presently, as soon as ever we can overtake her.

*Ex.*

*A Bate.*

*Enter Gilbert as a Senator, with others, Oswald, Alexis.*

*A Senate.* *Alleluia, Officers.*

*Gilb.* Stand forth *Alexis*, though my soul doth tell me,

Thy

The Poorman's Comfort.

Thy thoughts are cleere from foule unchallenge  
Yet since thy Accuser by just course of Law  
Pursues thy life, thou must endure the hand of righteous Justice.

Alex. I crave no other,  
Let equall combat prove us worthy death,  
Or else just vengeance stop his perjur'd breath.

Offr. I seale to thy Request, if in one houre  
Two witnesses besides my selfe doe not make good  
This accusation.

Gish. Your offer stands confirm'd, Officer at Armes  
If ere the appointed time, these witnesses  
Make no Appearance, bring into the Lists  
Those Combatants equally prepar'd.

Officer. It shall be done.

Gish. Although my place forbids to doe this other Right  
Alexu, yet this comfort I will give thee, which stands for all,  
No power were just, if guiltlesse men should fall.

Alex. I have no other hope, who heares a spotless beere,  
Doth want no comfort else; how ere distress

Adel. That speakes our happinesse, for spite of destiny  
We can nor live nor dye unhappily,  
How ever Ile conceale my parentage.

Gish. What other cause depends to crowne our hanging?

Const. Bring em forth, away with em.

Enter Constable, Gish, Luc, Ura.

Vinc. How now, what noyse is this?

Gul. Justice, let me have Justice Noble Senators.

Gish. Speake freely, woman thou shalt have thy wish.

Gul. Behold the bloody murderers of my innocent daughter.

Gish. How Lucius one of em? the other who?

Doest thou not know this day both and thy life,  
If thou shalt faile to finde thy haplesse wife.

Luc. That sentence thus is voyd, I here protest  
Your daughter and my wife.

Gish. My daughter?

Ura. Oh thinke that I am lost still, or that  
You ne're were happie in the injoyment of a child.  
For know I stand guilty of this horrible murder.

Luc. She wrongs her innocent soule, 'twas this hand did it.  
In just mov'd Anger.

H

Ura.

The Poor-mans Comfort.

*Ura.* But 'twas I that bid him,  
And that in Law is principall.

*Gal.* Between em both I have lost my daughter;  
A very chaste Virgin and a vertuous.

*Luc.* A noted whore, a Courtesan.

*Gib.* Divided soule, in what amazement stand'st thou?  
On this hand Justice stands, but here a father;  
Nature thou art powerfull in me, Immaculate Robes,  
You shall not blush at my partiality.

*Vinc.* What means you Sir?

*Gib.* To be a man, a father, oh my *Dramia*.

*Vinc.* This violent passion needs not, Sir, possesse your fear againe.

*Gib.* It suites not with my fortunes, vouchsafe  
Me leave to plead her cause, you worthy Judges;  
Behold three lives layd in a doubtfull scale,

'Gainst which a strumpets Lust the ballance sways;

Three worthy lives, if age and fate deny

To make mine miserable, which if your gentler hands

Refuse to poise, are lost, and must pay the price

Of an adulteresse blood. Oh thinke what a whore is I

A creature onely shap't like woman, that we might see

In that faire soile 'best her deformitie

The wombe of sinne from whence all horrid crimes

As Rivolets from the Sea, derive their streames;

The Devils warehouse, for though we voyd all sinnes,

This surely takes, and here he vends his wares;

Which no shop else wou'd offer, hence awayes

Pride, pale murder, all black blood doerle, besides

Thinke how she stands in Law, to whom deny'd

A Christian Buryall, this Law by which we are try'd

Oh let it not exact such payment then

For those deserve not common Rights of men.

This is the onely favour I doe crave

Judge her unworthy life as of a grave.

*Vinc.* Your Arguments are forcible; onely let's know

The Motives to her death.

*Luc.* Her sensuall rage

Brought her into the place, where much unlook'd for

Joy forc'd a fine embrasse;

The wretch at sight hereof orecome with spleene.



*The Poor mans Comfort.*

Or hatefull Jealousie, with violent hands  
Did seise my wife, which light to sodaine raile  
My just incensed blood, that with one stroke  
Her cursed life unhappily I tooke.

*Gib.* Make it your owne case, thinke how free they stood,  
In height of their owne Joyes from others blood.

*Vinc.* The case is plaine she fought her owne death  
Willfully, and seeking her owne ill  
We judge them free, now take your place agen.

*Gib.* Beare witnesse, I have playd a fathers part.

*Vinc.* A carefull father.

*Amb.* One most kinde and loving.

*Gib.* Let me embrace you both; farewell, thinke here  
Your father dyes, and now y<sup>e</sup> are to be dooed by an impartiall Judge.

*Vinc.* What meanes this Circumstance?

*Gib.* Know that a man consists of soule and body;  
The one by Nature, the other by Justice ruled;  
So he is lesse then man that swerves from either,  
And disobeyes these equall Governours.  
What Nature might command I have perform'd  
Now Justice takes his place, true partlesse Justice,  
That heavenly Names bestows upon us here,  
That we like Gods might no Affection beare;  
Which once agen commands unto the Barre  
Those bloody murderers.

*Vinc.* Strange and unheard of.

*Gib.* Stand forth you haplesse wretches, that have robd  
A creature of her life, which to restore  
Would make the world turne hankrout; nay more  
You have robd Heaven of a soule, inforced her hence  
Loaden with all her sinnes without defence;  
Not given her time to shed one penitent teare,  
That might plead for her before that severe  
And all-confounding Judge, with losse of breath  
You have reprieu'd her soule to farre worse death.  
Lastly, you have feloniously usurp'd  
The sword of Government, violated Law,  
And being borne Subjects, you have assum'd  
The seat of death-inflicting Soveraigntie, for which  
We doome you—Weake heart, why, dost thou faint?

*The Tragedy of Hamlet*

Thou injurest me: You traylerous eyes, since that  
You dare not see to doe such worthy Justice  
On these wretches, I will blind and barre their light,  
Whose partiall view doe make so few doe right;  
Now know we doome you for this your horrid murder  
To present Execution, and command  
That where the fact was done, a Ibbie stand  
On which you both shall suffer forthwith; Officers away  
Your lives are forfeit in one houres delay.

*Vinc.* Beyond all president!

*Luc.* For mine owne life,

Tis justly forfeited, but to this creature  
*Urania*, not as she is my wife;  
But thy daughter, the hope of thy name,  
And wisht posterity, be pitifull.

*Gisb.* Thou beate the Ayre, though all the world should fall,  
Justice must be her selfe, beare equall fall.

*Ura* Be patient gentle Love, since tis for thee,  
I cannot thinke it is an Ill to thee  
Father Farewell, your doome I will not gudge,  
Above I hope to finde a milder Judge.

*Gisb.* Away with em---Heaven on their soules have mercy.  
*Enter Ferdinand.*

Stay, let me embrace thee, thou perfect it man  
That er'e made Nature proud, Renowned *Gisb.*  
Loe as thou gavest unto thy Countreyes good  
Thy onely daughter, having no other gif  
Worthy thy merit, I returne agen  
Thy present, which to recompense with any  
Other Benefit would speake us poore  
And much ingratefull, in us they both shall live  
With pardon, so receive them, then.

*Gisb.* As a reprove sent to condemned men.

*Fer.* In whom maist thou survive to endles dayes, As for this loathed  
Creature Hells Harbinger, this Bawd to time, her daughters losse shall  
take away her bodyes punishment, onely we banish her six miles from  
any City.

*Gul.* I had rather be Carried six times about the City then live in the  
Countrey, unlesse your grace will make a continuall progresse. *Exit.*

*Fer.* Away with her, what means this found?

*Vinc.*

*The Poor-mans Comfort.*

*Vinc.* It gives a signall to a Combatant, that has accus'd a stranger  
of soule lust with a knowne Shepheard.

*Fer.* Our selfe have heard so much, give him his oath.

*Vinc.* Swear by thy trust in Heaven thou comst not Armd, led on by  
malice, or in hope of gaine, but in the Justice of thy cause without eyther  
charme or guile.

*Enter Osweil, Alexia, Adeltia, Sigismund gazes on her.*

*Osweil.* This Ile make good.

*Ferd.* Administer the like Oath to the other.

*Vinc.* Swear by the equall powers, no hope or confidence,  
Doth raise thine Arme, besides thine Innocence.

*Alex.* I swear, and if not truly, of Heaven I crave,  
Instead of ayd, to send a shamefull grave.

*Ferd.* Give signall to the fight.

*Sigis.* Stay.

*Ferd.* What meanes our sonne?

*Sigis.* This (he, that brow, that eye, that face doth speake it,  
give me my Armour there.

*Catz.* Give him his braines there, has most need of them!

*Sigis.* Villaine, Ile tear thy soule out, if thou deserte one minnit.  
Divinest Beauty, oh let me kisse thy hand!

*Ferd.* This accident confounds, speake gentle sonne,

*Sigis.* And if I have a Being worthy you,  
Deny not my request, or with my Breast

Ile naked thus oppose the traytor.

*Ferd.* Thou hast thy wish sayre sonne, bring weapons forth,  
Some fate direct him thus.

*Enter Leo.*

*Vinc.* More Champions yet; what meane these strangers?  
*Leo.* To prove this Traytor a malicious villaine,  
That Lady chaste and free.

*Sil.* The same cause moveth me to equall Armes.

*Sigis.* You shall be damn'd, first; by my blood and Honour,  
Who makes an offer to deprive this Arme

Of this sayre Conquest, drawes one on himselfe.

*Ferd.* They shall not, I must intreat you give free way unto his pas-  
sion, being assur'd the hand of Heaven drawes him to end his life or  
misery.

*Leo.* *Sil.* Shall we not have the Honour then?

*Ferd.* Our sonne has begd it, and it must be his.

*Amb.* We'll free him from that danger.

*Osweil.* Vexation.

*Discover themselves.*

*Ferd.*

The Poor mans Comfort.

*Ferd.* How dare you being exild approach this place?  
*Leo.* Though not from death this deed shall free our paine, know that  
our love to Justice, whose wrongs are lost, our good names doth force us  
hither, this is trayterous *Oswell*.  
*Ferd.* *Oswell*, lay hands upon the Monster.  
*Sil.* This *Adelizia* king *Valerius* daughter,  
To whose untimely fall that villaine brib'd us;  
When this blest Shepheard that preserv'd her breath,  
Redeem'd our lives from a despis'd death.  
*Ferd.* Astonishment!  
*Alex.* Dread Sovereigne, accept this Beauteous Princess, faire *A-*  
*delizia* by me preserv'd after her shipwrack.  
*Ferd.* Joy overcomes me, can *Adelizia* live?  
*Adel.* That Letter speaks no lesse.  
*Sig.* I know you are the same, my love pursu'd in those spacious woods.  
*Adel.* I am the same.  
*Ferd.* Thou hast reviv'd my sonne, restor'd mine age.  
So many Blessings, Heaven I wish no more.  
*Adel.* If any good my Being brings with it,  
This vertuous Shepheard well may challenge it.  
*Ferd.* Our love and high regard shall speake it freely,  
To you we give your meanes and libertie, to thee  
*Omnes.* Doe but command us we'll teare him peece meale.  
*Ferd.* Though his desert to such extreames might sway,  
We'll have no blood shed on our wedding day.  
We doome him to perpetuall prisonment.  
*Osw.* Had I my will, you should all keepe your wedding day in hell.  
*Ferd.* So lead him hence. Now faire *Adelizia* there remaine.  
*Sigis.* I am her owne, the marriage Heaven begins.  
When her blest sight restor'd me.  
*Ferd.* Speake gentle maide.  
*Adel.* Since Fate ordaines it so,  
I like your sonne so well; Hee scarce say no.  
*Ferd.* Then lovely daughter, true Subjects, worthy friends,  
I embrace you all; and here our woes all ends.  
Which teacheth us, how ere vaine man may trust,  
The end makes happy those onely that are just.

F I N I S

